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"Wow! All the *real* essentials are beginning to reopen!"



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HUSTLER WILL CARRY ON!

Our founder, guiding light and my dear husband Larry Flynt left us on February 10th.

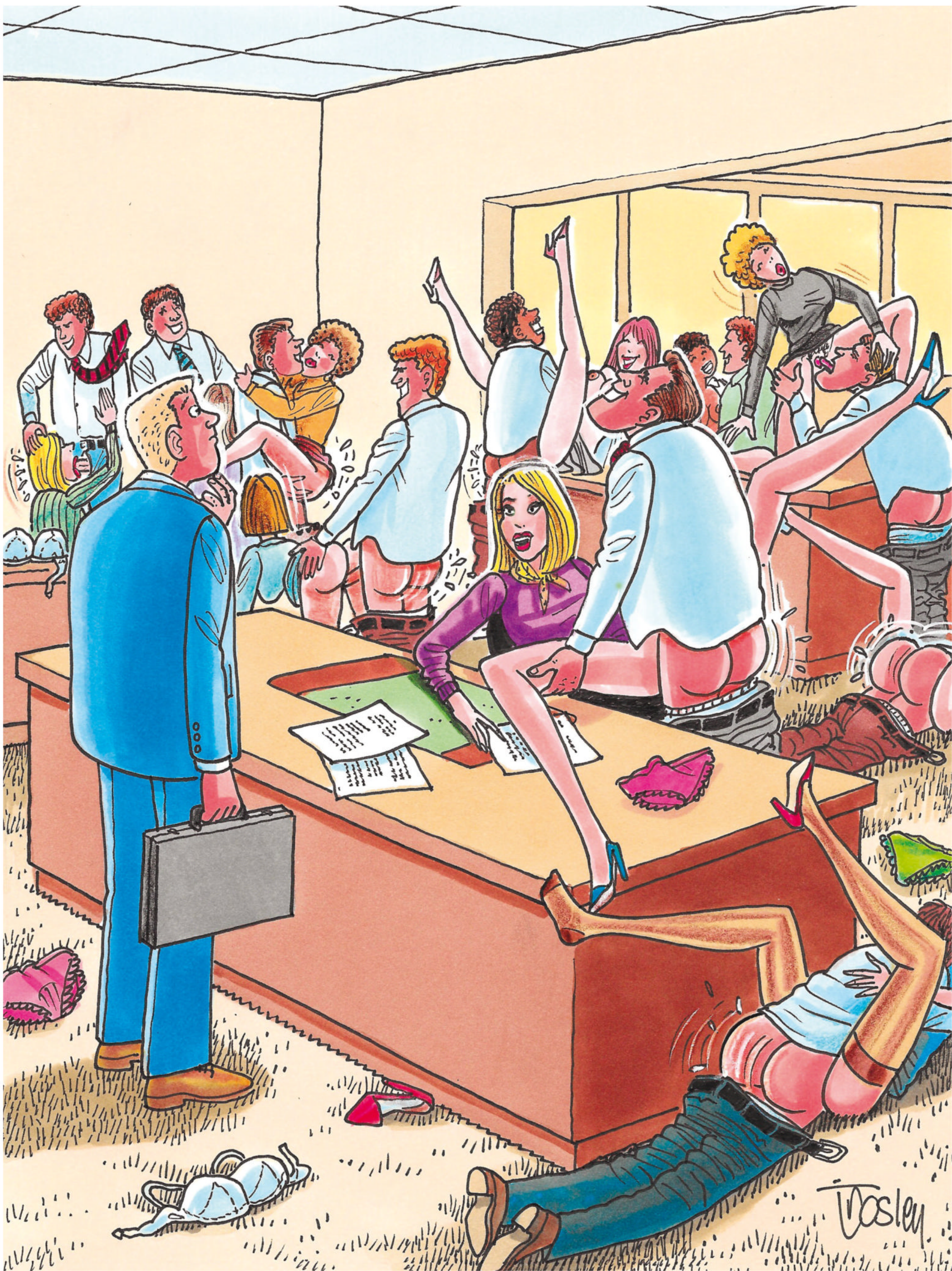
Larry could have taken it easy in his later years and enjoyed a well-earned retirement. Instead, he was at work every single day, helming his myriad HUSTLER businesses and making decisions for the magazine. He relished the work, the day-to-day challenges and the political controversies he stirred up.

Let's never forget that Larry Flynt was a wounded warrior for the First Amendment. If not for his bravery and sacrifice—and the many costly battles he fought—publishers, writers, artists, comedians and satirists today would all have a hard time taking to task the hypocrites, criminals and fools who damage our public and private lives. The Supreme Court decision he

won against Jerry Falwell Sr. stands today as a bulwark of free speech.

I have had the privilege to be at Larry's side these past 30 years, at home and in the office. Now the reins have been passed on to me. I will faithfully honor his legacy by continuing the HUSTLER tradition, knowing that his spirit guides me. As Larry would say, "Life goes on, and it is good."

Liz Flynt
Associate Publisher



"Sorry...the boss isn't in today."

FORGET TRUMP—REAGAN'S ERA IS ENDING

PRESIDENT BIDEN AND REINVIGORATED DEMOCRATS STEP UP TO PROVE THAT, YES, GOVERNMENT CAN BE THE SOLUTION.

In the dark days of the 2008 global financial crisis, *The Daily Show With Jon Stewart* featured politico guests working to staunch the bleeding at the time. Why, Stewart repeatedly asked, were hundreds of billions in emergency relief being gifted to the big banks whose reckless gamble with sub-prime mortgages sparked the economic meltdown? Why not give cash to those in danger of losing their homes? Homeowners would give that money to the banks to pay their mortgages, and everyone would benefit.

Stewart never got a straight answer. Fork over money to actual *people* instead of businesses to shore up the economy? That was a wildly foreign idea to financial big wigs and elected officials. Unheard of! Not how emergency relief had worked for decades! Instead, hundreds of billions—perhaps trillions—went to the irresponsible banks. Government socialism saved them from ruin. Sadly, little was done to help homeowners in need.

Huge government handouts to Big Business are hardly new. Certainly not since Ronald Reagan went all in on one of the most devious cons of all time. At his 1981 inauguration The Gipper proclaimed, “Government is not the solution to our problems; government is the problem.”

With that, Reagan kicked off decades of antigovernment sentiment to a brainwashed populous that applauded “smaller government,” to its own demise. Meanwhile, benefits to the working class were slashed, and billions were pumped into corporate coffers and those of the already wealthy. No, the money never “trickled down.”

Few blinked when Wall Street got bailouts during the Great Recession of 2008 and likewise in 2017. Amid record corporate profits and a booming economy, Donald Trump and Republicans enacted tax cuts costing at least \$1.9 trillion, with some 65% of benefits going to corporations and the top 1% of the economic stratum.

It happened yet again in 2020, by and large, with Congress's first two COVID-disaster relief packages. Trillions were shoveled to those who didn't actually need it, while the poor and “forgotten” working class fought for their lives during the murderously mismanaged crisis.

“After 11 months of pandemic misery, where millions have lost their jobs, health and wealth, U.S. billionaire wealth increased \$1.3 trillion, an increase of 44%,” the Institute for Policy Studies reported in February 2021. The combined wealth of the 664 richest Americans by then, the institute found, was “more than two-thirds higher than the *total* wealth held by the bottom half of the population, 165 million Americans.”

Something had gone terribly wrong since Reagan. But here's the good news: History may regard the American Rescue Plan (ARP), President Joe Biden's \$1.9-trillion COVID relief and stimulus package, as the beginning of the end of the Reagan Era. Passed without a single Republican vote, Biden's ARP cost no more than Trump's 2017 tax cuts *approved* by every Republican. Moreover, it's one of the most progressive pieces of federal legislation ever enacted.

While the ARP included \$1,400 individual checks to most Americans, it also provided payments to parents with young children (up to \$3,600 per year per child). That alone, say experts, will cut child poverty in half and overall poverty by about a third in a single year. Plus the measure allocated billions for housing and food assistance, lowered health-care premiums and expanded unemployment benefits.

The ARP gives hundreds of millions to states and cities to replace job-cutting revenue losses over the past year; \$30 billion to save public transit; \$31 billion for housing and infrastructure in tribal communities; \$40 billion for child-care grants; and \$130 billion to safely reopen K-12 schools. And, yes, the plan speeds the distribution of life-saving COVID vaccines so we can finally emerge stronger from our nightmarish year-long scourge.

U.S. Senator Bernie Sanders (I-Vermont) called the ARP “the most significant piece of legislation to benefit working people in the modern history of this country.” Representative Pramila Jayapal (D-Washington), cochair of the Congressional Progressive Caucus, said it “delivers on its promise to put money directly in people's pockets.” Journalist David Dayen, a longtime critic of relief schemes aimed at corporate fat cats, lauded the ARP as “maybe the largest pure economic uplift bill in U.S. history.”

The federal government hasn't made such a sweeping change to the way it does business since the Great Depression of the 1930s. Biden and the Democrats own this, and should do so proudly, reminding Trump's “forgotten

working men and women” who truly went to bat for them.

“I want to change the paradigm,” Biden declared following the ARP's passage. “We start to reward work, not just wealth.”

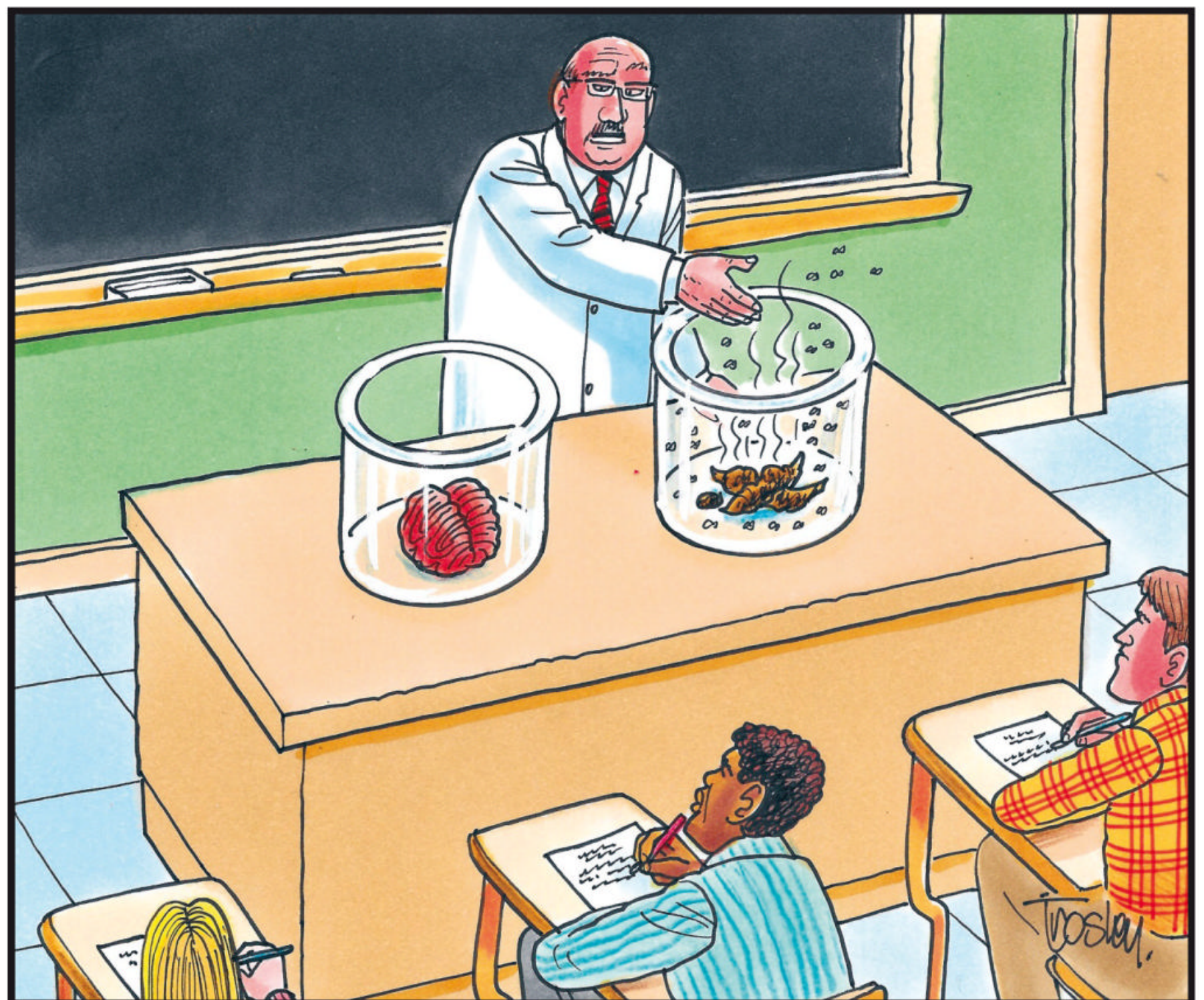
That radical notion is popular even with GOP voters, if not Congressional Republicans. “When the federal budget is saving people's lives, they don't think it's such a good idea,” the President observed. He decried the 2017 tax cuts: “Feathering the nest of the wealthiest Americans [and] Fortune 500 companies not paying a cent in taxes” while working-class Americans are “paying at a higher rate than the average person making a billion dollars a year” means “something is wrong.”

In line with his campaign vow to be “the most pro-union President you've ever seen,” Biden proclaimed, “The middle class, hardworking people and people struggling to get in the middle class—they built America, and unions built them!”

Americans were played for chumps by Reagan's great hoax. We may now be on the precipice of a sea change when our leaders rediscover that government of, by and for the people can actually serve the *people* again.

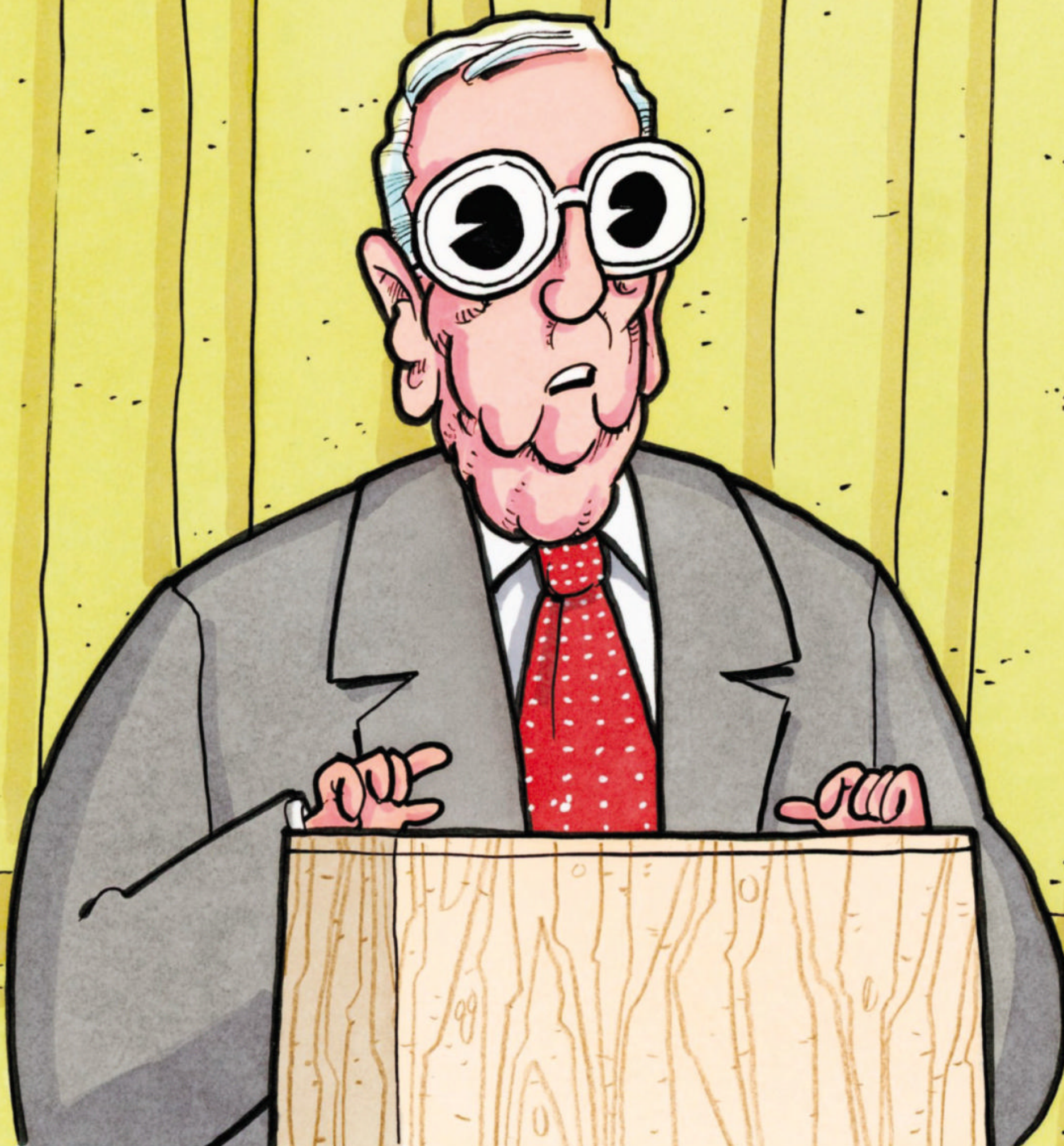
And that's before hopeful passage of Biden's American Jobs Plan. The \$2.25-trillion investment will create *millions* of good-paying, economy-lifting jobs and rebuild the nation's infrastructure—roads, bridges, airports, electric grid and more. Wave an overdue goodbye to Ronald Reagan and his decades-long scam. **H**

Brad Friedman is a Los Angeles-based investigative journalist, radio host of the nationally syndicated *BradCast*, political commentator, troublemaker and publisher of *The Brad Blog* (**BradBlog.com**).



“However, here we have a human brain that was exposed to repeated Republican bullshit.”

HOW FUCKED UP MITCH MCCONNELL
REALLY IS!



"Donald Trump didn't get away with anything! He's responsible for his actions on January 6th and can be sued in the courts. And if he runs for President in 2024, I'll support him!"

The state of Florida is famous for many things, but perhaps none so much as the “Florida man” meme: a chronic freak show of bizarre behavior unrivaled by any other place in the U.S. or even the world. It seems every week Florida headlines report insane news: a homeless man attacked by a face-eating cannibal; an individual charged with assault for tossing a live alligator through a Wendy’s drive-thru window; another arrested for practicing karate on swans in a park; gun owners who joined a Facebook group calling on residents to stop Hurricane Irma by shooting at it; Augustus Sol Invictus, neo-Nazi Republican candidate for the U.S. Senate, who once confessed to slaughtering a goat and drinking its blood; and on and on. Just business as usual in the Sunshine State.

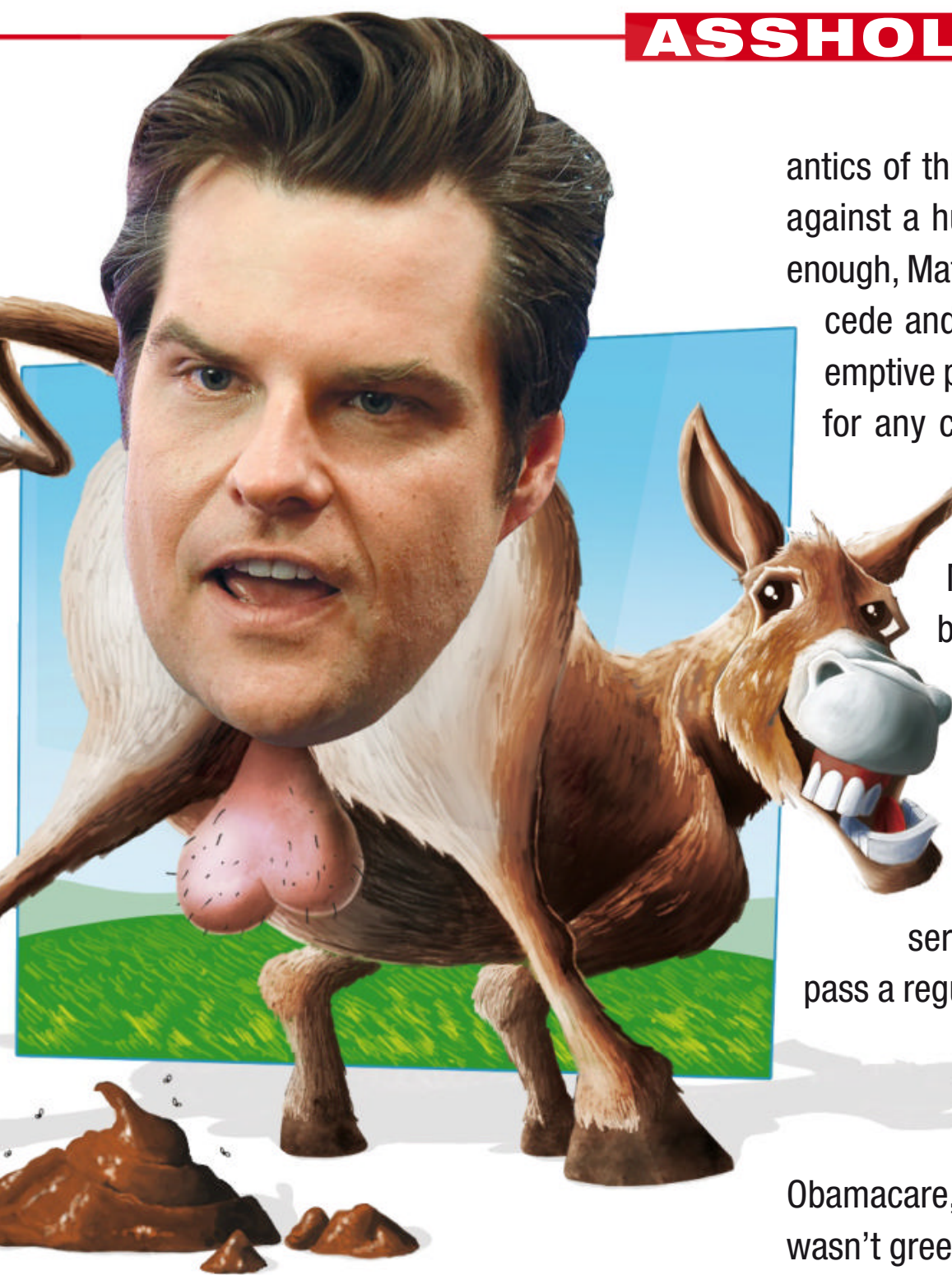
At the top of the howler heap we find Representative Matt Gaetz from Florida’s 1st Congressional District, dominating headlines after allegedly having a sexual relationship with a 17-year-old girl and paying for her travel across state lines, a violation of federal sex trafficking laws. For a supposed arch-conservative representing the God-fearing, “family values” folk of Florida’s Western Panhandle, the recently engaged Gaetz behaves like a real horndog, prowling his home state and Washington, D.C., like a stud bull in heat. According to members of the Florida House legislature, Gaetz allegedly created a game, while he was serving a stint there, in which his fellow politicians earned points for banging married colleagues, aides, interns and lobbyists. Graduating to the big time in D.C., he reportedly tried to show photos of nude women he bragged about fucking to his fellow congressmen. Though none of this was illegal, the revelations must be disturbing for the Southern Baptists who form a core part of his constituency.

But not as disturbing as the more serious allegations. For these, Gaetz was allegedly a client—or cut-out client—of SeekingArrangement, a dating website devoted to hooking up hot young things with sugar daddies who could provide them with “the finer things in life.” The site now has over 10 million users, and certainly not all of them are engaged in covert prostitution, but there’s little doubt that many are, with “arrangements” something like this:

Suzy Q: “Gosh, my student loan debts are eating me alive. Whatever can I do?”

Sugar Daddy: “Eat me once a month, baby, and your loan payment is toast!”

SeekingArrangement does not offer a pay portal for clients, but it does encourage clients to transmit “sugar funds” via PayPal, gift cards, Venmo, direct deposit—or plain old cash. Which is what someone in Gaetz’s high-profile position should have done—pay with untraceable cash. Instead he used Venmo in what he thought was a clever ruse. According to the *Daily Beast*, in May 2018 he sent two Venmo payments to-



MATT GAETZ

taling \$900 to his pal Joel Greenberg, then Seminole County tax collector, who has since been federally indicted on 33 counts, including sex trafficking. The next morning Greenberg Venmo-ed payments to three separate young women, totaling \$900, for “Tuition,” “School” and “School.” In Gaetz’s second Venmo payment to Greenberg, he wrote a memo: “Hit up _____ (redacted nickname of one of the young women paid by Greenberg).” Wow, that was really, really stupid, Matt! For this blunder, you have proven that you’re too fucking dumb to be a U.S. representative.

The tea leaves say that Greenberg will probably plead guilty and could even roll over on Gaetz, who is being investigated by the Justice Department both for allegedly paying that 17-year-old girl to travel across state lines for sex and other potentially illicit hookups in the Bahamas, where Gaetz enjoyed the hospitality of one of his “best friends,” businessman and hand surgeon Jason Pirozzolo. Looks like you bonked jail-bait, Matty boy!

Of course, like any good politician, Gaetz disavows everything: He’s never, ever visited those kinds of websites; “never, ever paid women for sex”; and the last time he made happy with a 17-year-old, “I was 17,” he said. But his protestations of purity and innocence ring hollow when you consider that for the Combating Human Trafficking in Commercial Vehicles Act, there was a single, solitary no vote in the House tally (418–1). Guess who? Yep. Why, oh, why, Matthew? He explained that it was simply due to his high-minded principles against creating “more federal government.” Good Lord, you just broke the barf meter with that one!

But so many of us are used to retching at the

antics of this Trump-loving Asshole. If the lone vote against a human trafficking act was not suspicious enough, Matt reportedly begged Trump aides to intercede and ask his hero honcho for a blanket preemptive pardon, before Trump left the White House, for any crimes that Gaetz may have committed.

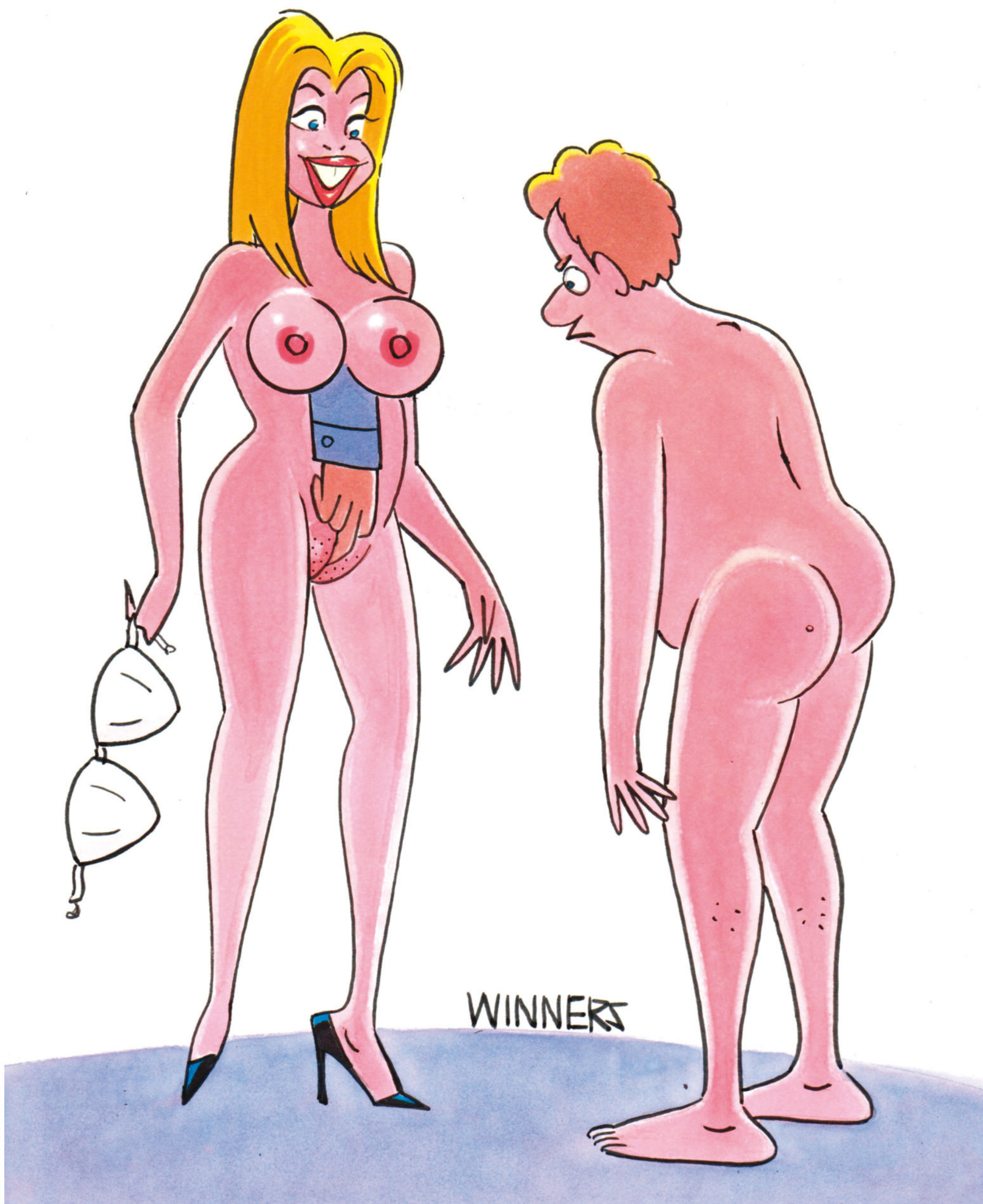
Throughout the whole miserable four years of the fat Orangeman’s reign, Matt Gaetz was one of Trump’s biggest butt-kissers, a real MAGA dittohead. Although he pretends to recognize climate change and carbon pollution as genuine threats, he introduced legislation in 2017 to “completely abolish” the EPA, meaning he was only giving lip service to environmental concerns. If you pass a regulation but cut the enforcement budget to zero, you might as well print that regulation on toilet paper.

In the obligatory GOP attack on Obamacare, Gaetz offered some novel bullshit: that it wasn’t greedy, unscrupulous Big Pharma dope pushers mainly responsible for the deadly opioid crisis, but the expansion of Medicaid enabled by the ACA!

He has earned an A+ grade from the NRA and, when he was a state senator, actually sponsored legislation to speed up executions in Florida, despite numbers from the Innocence Project showing that 375 people, including 21 on death row, have been exonerated through DNA evidence. These men would never have had the chance to finally prove their innocence under the rule of Matt Gaetz—they would have been rushed to their graves before the DNA evidence was examined.

The man has a habit of telling huge whoppers—one of the essential qualifications of all politicians, granted, but Gaetz really pushes the envelope. About the January 6th insurrection at the Capitol, he stated there was “compelling evidence” reported in the conservative-leaning *Washington Times* that some of the rioters “were masquerading as Trump supporters and, in fact, were members of the violent terrorist group Antifa.” Several months later no evidence of such a cunning false-flag attack has been found.

One thing’s for sure: Matty Boy is going to have to raise his game and imagine some new world-class whoppers to slither out of the fix he’s in now, with the FBI, state investigators and most of the nation’s news organizations breathing down his neck over the sex trafficking angle and a host of other ethical lapses. Even some embarrassed Republicans have joined the chorus demanding that he resign. But he’ll probably continue the usual kabuki theater script of American political scandal: *I’m totally outraged and offended by all these lies, and I will never, ever resign!* Until the evidence becomes overwhelming, that is. Then he’ll collapse like a house of cards over an outhouse toilet seat, straight down into the muck, where all genuine ass turds belong. **H**



"You're not going to let a little tattoo come between us, right?!"

SUMMER LOVING

It's motherfucking summer, and COVID can kiss your vaccinated ass, because you're going camping! Time to go over your inventory. Let's see: Tent? Check. Sleeping bag? Check. Propane stove? You know it! Dildos? Oh, no...you left them at home! A catastrophic oversight for the layman, but with the right DIY hacks, you can MacGyver your way to Pleasure Town faster than a marshmallow burns over an open fire.

Look to LifeHacker's "Horny Camper's Sex Inventory" for inspiration. This is your go-to guide for preparation (we'll get to hacks in a minute). Sex in the woods is magical as hell, especially if you're packing the right kind of kit: You'll want a water-based, no-mess lubricant (odorless is best); wet wipes for easy cleanup; stretchy silicone cock rings (a multipurpose godsend); and a small, cordless, rechargeable wand for those precious "me" moments under the open sky.

But what if that perfect kit is sitting at home on your kitchen counter? Time to improvise! Please consider the following HUSTLER hacks for backcountry fun.

- Ropes are your best friend. A word on texture: If pain and discomfort get you hot, then by all means, go with the scratchiest twine you can find. But something more akin to climbing rope is much less abrasive, not to mention easier to work with. You don't have to be a shibari master to have fun, but definitely take some time before your trip to learn a few basic knots that are easy to get out of.
- Condoms + X = dildo. It always bears repeating: Never, ever stick random objects inside yourself, especially commercial products and especially if they haven't been properly sterilized. That said, a condom can



turn many things into a dildo, including your handy dandy flashlight.

- Eco role-play. If you're somewhere remote—as opposed to a crowded campground teeming with kids—why not use the landscape as your playground? Take turns stalking each other, or go full primal and assume your animal form. Inhibitions are for the city.

- Nude photo shoot! Again, this is one that's more for deep woods campers. Any photographer worth their salt will tell you that there's no light like natural light. Take advantage of Mother Nature's full splendor, and capture nudes that are actually flattering. Because no one is sexy under a 60-watt bulb.



NFTS, PORN & YOU

There are two types of people: those who embrace emerging technologies and explore them to their fullest and those of us who cower in a dark corner, clinging to the past. And if you fall into the latter category, then this whole NFT thing may well have been your breaking point.

But the threshold between caring and not caring is one of self-interest. And if porn is your jam, then it's time to get on top of this latest development in data and content. So what is a *non-fungible token*? Art? A storage unit? Some kind of hybrid mushroom?

The Verge does a great breakdown, and it goes a little something like this: Non-fungible refers to something that is completely unique—Van Gogh's *Starry Night* is non-fungible; a Toyota Camry is not. If you trade one non-fungible item for another, you have given up one unique item for another, something one-of-a-kind. This is part of the cryptocurrency universe. Suffice it to say, most NFTs are part of what's called the *Ethereum blockchain*. NFTs store extra information that differentiates them from bitcoin; so while bitcoin transactions are primarily monetary, Ethereum transactions may be executable code.

So what's out there to buy? Think digital—art (the original Nyan Cat GIF sold last February for

nearly \$600K); music (Kings Of Leon released their latest album, *When You See Yourself*, as an NFT), even a video clip of LeBron James dunking (sold for \$208K).

You begin to see the possibilities when applied to adult entertainment. In an interview with *Rolling Stone*, adult performer and early adopter Allie Eve Knox discusses auctioning off *Allie in the City, One*, and how a clip made for under \$20 can bring in over \$500. For her, it's all about the long game.

"The boys who have some money are passing it around in the community, and I jumped on board because I wanted some. I don't want to change the art world or want people to respect me. I just want another way to get paid." Get that crypto, girl!

Others, like Violet Myers (*Twitter: @VioletSaucy*), are using NFTs to make money from milestones that are easily monetized—like losing her anal virginity. Last March the curvaceous beauty announced the auction on Twitter: "I just released my ass virginity on Raribles.com/VioletMyers. Only 3! The highest bidder will unlock the NFT that comes with my first anal porn video. You'll be the only person having this!!"

Imagine a world where buying porn makes you a savvy investor. What a time to be alive!

FLEX THAT ONE-PACK!

You've been in self-isolation for over a year now. Gyms are closed. You're tired and depressed, fighting just to get through the day. So please, take it from us: It's okay to put on a bit of weight. But let's do better than that; rather than just being okay with your body, let's celebrate it with some cold, hard data. Because guess what, my husky friend? Dad bods are *in*.

The *New York Post*, arguably the benchmark for soft news, reports on a survey just in time for beach season. And we are happy to declare that 2021 is the Summer of the Dad Bod. In a Dating.com poll of 2,000 real human beings, 75% of respondents said they preferred a dad bod physique over any other body type.

What does this clearly desirable physique entail? Imagine a beer keg: solid, round, robust, huggable (what—you've never hugged a beer keg?). It's a bit of paunch, less pecs, and a sprinkling of hair much like baby arugula atop a middle-aged salad. You get the picture.

The dad bod has been around for ages, but really only came to prominence in 2015, when tabloid photographers snapped photos of a topless, love-handled Leonardo DiCaprio frolicking on the beach with his super-model friend.

For real, though, COVID weight gain is normal. A Health.com article from April revealed how “more than 60% of adults say they've had undesired



weight changes since the start of the pandemic.” Radical diets are not the solution; if you're really bothered by how you look (and we think you look fabulous), then try some very simple adjustments to your daily routine, like eating on a regular schedule and staying hydrated (water equals life).

Meanwhile, a quick stroll through Twitter quickly reveals a hunger for “dad bods for supper.” If you've got 'em, rock 'em! The people have spoken, and it's your time to shine!

A SLIPPERY HISTORY



Sweet, wonderful lube—where would we be without it? The short answer is, in a lot of pain. But for all our discussion of can-it-or-can't-it (coconut oil, yes; banana peels, *no!*), we've never considered the when and where of it all...until now. Welcome to a history of lube!

In an unusually frank piece for the *London Free Press* (Ontario, Canada), writer Sadaf Ahsan says it all started with what God gave us: good ol' spit with a pinch of can-do attitude. But even our ancient ancestors knew this was gross, not to mention thoroughly unhygienic, which is why the Greeks introduced olive oil. Safe and delicious! (But never, *ever* with condoms—got it?).

Romans swore by it too, while philosopher and amateur obstetrician Aristotle even claimed it worked as a contraceptive. Side note: Was Aristotle the first fuckboi? Let's put a pin in that for now...

Meanwhile, in Asia the Chinese employed vegetable oil to great success, while over in Japan clove oil, reputed to have “pain-killing and muscle-relaxing” properties, was a go-to for 17th- through 19th-century kinksters into anal sex. And as far back as 600 BCE, carrageenan—“a sticky liquid extracted from red seaweed”—was used for sex in Japan,

Korea and China. It's even used in some contemporary lubes and is said to help prevent the transmission of HPV. Whoduvthunkit?

Flash-forward to 1872, when American chemist Robert Chesebrough patented the first petroleum jelly. Its name? Vaseline. The current thinking on Vaseline is that it's *not* a good idea to use petroleum jelly for sex. First of all, Robert never intended it to be used as a sexual lubricant—the packaging clearly states “for external use only.” Just as importantly though, petroleum damages latex, so it should never be used with condoms. And finally, it can actually increase the risk of bacterial vaginosis. So in summary: sex, no; nipple chafing, yes.

And what about the future of lube? If you ask us, the future is already here. THC-infused lubes are a lot of fun, but not legal to buy everywhere, so check state laws before you proceed. And keep in mind that some—not all—are meant as a sort of “pre-lube” intended to, shall we say, stimulate your appetite for the main event. For all occasions, always keep a reliable water-based lube on hand; you really can't go wrong with something like Astroglide, which is celebrating its 30th anniversary this year. Congratulations on three decades of proven lubing!

“A healthy male adult bore consumes each year one and a half times his own weight in other people's patience.” —JOHN UPDIKE, AUTHOR

PLAYING RISK

Please, leave the public porn to professionals.

Uncowed by their first arrest, South Carolina residents Eric and Lori Harmon were arrested and charged again last January for filming sex acts in public, this time on the Myrtle Beach SkyWheel. Investigators are also looking at reported incidents at a Food Lion parking lot, a community pool and acts of public urination in a park and at a baseball field. Is nothing sacred?!

They were both released on bail at \$2,500 a piece and face a total of 11 counts of indecent exposure. The question is, how could this have been avoided? Truth be told, there is no “right” way to film adult content in public spaces—it’s illegal, end of discussion. But should you decide to go this route, there are ways of mitigating risk while respecting the privacy and freedom of others who may not be keen on seeing you bump uglies behind the local Target.

Longtime friend of HUSTLER Lux Lives is a statuesque fetish model and online content producer who knows a thing or two about outdoor shoots that don’t end in arrest (which, as mentioned, is always a risk). “If the wrong person sees you, they can make your life hell. There is no safe way to shoot outdoors, only safer ways that minimize risk.”

DO: Scout your location! Get a sense for foot traffic, look for out-of-sight enclaves, and gauge the presence of police, children and so on. The more familiar you are with the area, the safer you will be.

DO: Go where people aren’t. In general, the best outdoor shooting locations are in nature, as it is a lot easier to find someplace private. But



be considerate of our greatest MILF, Mother Earth, and don’t litter or be destructive.

DO: Find spaces that are appropriate for public filming. Being on private property, with permission, is the safest way to film outside.

DON’T: Get anyone on camera without consent, especially at adult industry or kink events, where discretion is essential. Even in spaces where you can be more brazenly sexual, choose camera angles carefully. Everyone who appears on camera has to have completed 2257 paperwork.

DON’T: Reveal yourself to anyone without consent. Accidents happen, but intentionally revealing yourself to strangers is a much more serious crime than public indecency.

DON’T: Risk your freedom for the shot! Assess honestly what risks you’re willing to take and the risks involved, even if it means significantly altering or scrapping your project. Cops have complete discretion on whether to ticket you or take you to jail. Do your due diligence!

Twitter: @LuxLiv3s; OnlyFans: LuxLivesXXX; LuxLivesXXX.com



“Relax...this is not premarital sex...
I have a wife and kid at home.”

“Some people walk in the rain; others just get wet.” —ROGER MILLER, SINGER-SONGWRITER

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B010

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B009



"But tell me, young man—can you support my daughter
on what you make as a sperm donor?"

VANNA BARDOT

GLAM GIRL

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
HOLLY RANDALL PRODUCTIONS













own a ton of makeup and sexy clothes, and I keep them in bags, ready to bring to set. I'm blessed to work a lot, so much so that sometimes I don't know whether I'm coming or going. Once I showed up to the wrong set, on the wrong day. Surprise! On my downtime, I like to read, and my favorite foods are sushi and Nutella—of course not together.

"I'm very dominant and independent in real life, so when I'm fucking, I like to completely lose control. Pull my hair, put me in bondage or choke me. I've known since I was young that I wanted to do porn. I view my sexuality without shame, and I care more about foreplay than dick size. It's great when a guy gets me warmed up by eating me out or fingering me. Then, during sex, I want him to take charge."







VANNA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Miami, Florida** | AGE: **22** | HEIGHT: **5-4** | MEASUREMENTS: **32B-24-33**

FAVORITE POSITION: **Cowgirl** | TWITTER & INSTAGRAM: **@VannaBardot**





MODELS WITHOUT BORDERS

BY JOHN BLAYLOCK

Goodbye, city. Hello, solitary bliss. The remote revolution in sex work has demonstrated that location is more a state of mind than a physical necessity. From south of the equator all the way up to Willow, Alaska, meet the incredible models, performers and sex workers who chose a life less ordinary. These are their extraordinary stories of freedom and spiritual fulfillment.

I never found the companion that was so companionable as solitude.”

—Henry David Thoreau

Big city living has lost much of its shine over this past year. As the pandemic raged, sex workers and the adult entertainment industry have had to pivot and rethink everything from the ground up. With in-person work severely restricted, those who could adapt to a remote situation found themselves on more stable footing. After all, if you're not reliant on anyone but yourself, then you're free to be a successful content producer in the hinterlands of Australia...or the backwoods of Alaska...or even from inside a refurbished school bus that you're driving cross-country. Sweet solitude—who wouldn't consider trading a concrete jungle for the peace, serenity and satisfaction of being who you want, where you want, without compromise? Los Angeles may be home to all things adult entertainment, but we know four women who prove that success doesn't hinge on living there. >>

AKGINGERSNAPS, DUE NORTH—ALASKA

Last time we spoke to award-winning performer AKGINGERSNAPS, she was living in Anchorage, Alaska, and making Fire content with her loving polyamorous porn family: Smassh (Daddy) and Lana Marrs. Since then they've embarked on the next phase of their lives, a sharp left turn off the grid and deep into the Alaskan wilderness, where they now own and operate their own resort, The Willow Trading Post: 4:20-friendly and nonstop views.

HUSTLER: Last year you were living in Anchorage, performing on cam, making content, traveling to L.A. for events—what's happened since then?

AKGINGERSNAPS: Okay, let's see—we won the 2019 YNOT Award for Best

Camming Couple, we were nominated for video and producer of the year [ManyVids], got nominated for our first and second AVN awards, nominated for multiple XBIZ awards. And last summer we sold our home and traveled all around Alaska in an RV shooting a docuseries with Bree Mills for Adult Time about polyamory and our lives as sex workers.

Wow, congratulations on your success! Let's talk about *Poly Family Life*. How did this series come to be, and what was it like to film?

It all started last year, when we attended the 2020 AVNs in Las Vegas as nominees. During this trip we had the opportunity to watch Bree Mills' *Teenage Lesbian*. It really spoke to us, how vulnerable the film was, and we knew then that she was the right one to work with us on



this very special project. We told her that we planned to sell our home and travel all summer. It was a great learning experience for all of us, with plenty of support from Bree and her wonderful team.

What was it like leaving the city and living on the road? Was it a difficult transition?

Honestly, I was pretty concerned, but it ended up being an amazing experience. Imagine for a second waking up and drinking your coffee with some of the most incredible views in the world and not another human being around for as far as the eye can see. Another great thing is all of the money we saved in just six months of living in an RV. The freedom of not having to worry about a mortgage, a house and everything that comes with it was such a relief.

You then used these savings to buy an actual vacation resort in Alaska that you run with your poly family. How did you find it?

We were riding our Argo in Willow, Alaska, when we saw a sign: "Willow Trading Post 0.5 miles." On our first trip it was closed and looked empty, so I was like, "I bet they are closed because of COVID. I wonder if it's for sale." I did some research, we drove by a few more times to see if anyone was there, and then one day last August we saw a few trucks. So we rode up and introduced ourselves. The rest, as we say, is history, and as of spring we will have the largest legal wake-and-bake in Alaska.

Why a resort?

After four years of being a sex worker, I noticed how hard it is to find sex worker-friendly lodging and events. We always said how, if we owned a place, it would be different. Our goal is to make a place that is safe for everyone to enjoy, regardless of labels, politics, religion, race or anything else that divides us as humans. We want everyone to know that sex workers are people too and that sex work is as valid a career as any. No shame.

Any wildlife sightings? That's bear and wolf country up there!

One of the coolest and scariest experiences I can recall was in a small community called Dillingham. We were camping on this undeveloped lake at the mouth of a river filled with spawning salmon. Around midnight all we could hear was grunts and splashing in the river to our sides. We didn't sleep at all the entire night, and when we went to investigate in the morning, we found bear paw prints in the mud large enough to make us believe in Bigfoot. Let's just say we weren't being very bear-aware when we picked this really cool spot.

Are you into having sex outdoors? Sex and nature are such a magical combo.

Oh, you think outdoor sex is hot? Try outdoor sex under the northern lights! That is one of our goals for 2021: to capture some amazing content in this breathtaking and beautiful corner of the world.

Twitter: @AKGINGERSNAPS; Instagram: @TheDabbingMommy; OnlyFans & Chatterbate: AKGingersnaps; Websites: WillowTradingPost.com, AKGingersnaps.com. >>



PHOTO BY AKGINGERSNAPS

SWEET SHARLÉ, EROTIC ECOLOGIST—AUSTRALIA

Ethereal beauty Sweet Sharlé is very much at home in Australia's Top End. Sure, she experiences the occasional fit of FOMO, but nothing is going to tear her away from the lush biodiversity of her homeland (yes, even the spiders). The longtime cam model and sometimes porn star lives in virtual isolation, and that suits her just fine.

HUSTLER: Paint us a portrait of where you live in Australia—what exactly is the Top End?

SWEET SHARLÉ: The Top End is the upper half of Australia's Northern Territory. If you think of Australia and think of crocodiles, kangaroos and bushlands, you're probably picturing some part of the NT. It's big, roughly the size of Italy, Spain and France combined. It's so big that we have different climates in different areas. The Top End, toward the

coast, is tropical, with wetlands and rainforests; and as you get further inland, it turns into a semiarid desert, with lots of bushlands—this is when you start entering the Outback and the Red Centre. The four main areas of the Top End are Darwin, NT's capital city; Kakadu; Arnhem Land; and Katherine. I'm currently based out of Darwin and absolutely love it, as I grew up in the Top End.

What makes the Top End so unique?

We basically have two types of weather here year-round: hot and dry through May to September, then hot and wet from September through April. With the fluctuations from extremely wet to extremely dry, the landscapes and nature go through massive changes, which is beautiful to see. When it's dry, everything is a sort of mauve or brown, half-burnt by the sun and half in a weird sort of stasis waiting for the rain to come. Then the rain hits, and boom: Everything is so luscious and green and alive!

Sydney and Melbourne are hustling, bustling cities full of fun stuff. Why live in the Top End?

I've done big trips to almost all the capital cities of Australia. I lived in Brisbane and on the Gold Coast for a few years, and I've done a fair amount of international traveling. But there's just no other place in the world quite like the Northern Territory. Darwin is a capital city, but it still has a super-small-town mentality. We thank our bus drivers, strangers say "G'day" to each other, and sometimes it feels like our community is connected by one degree of separation instead of six. It just has a lovely, friendly, relaxed vibe that you don't find in big cities, probably because it's constantly too hot here to be worked up.

Does relative isolation make it easier to produce content?

I think it has a lot of draws, especially as I am a fully online sex worker/porn actress. The access to so many cool locations and having such a small number of people around means it's easy to create amazing nature-based content to share with people overseas. The absence of neighbors, the space—we are blessed. Making porn in your backyard is almost too easy.

Any memorable encounters with Australian wildlife? Follow up question: What about deadly insects or arachnids?

Honestly, it's almost impossible to go anywhere outside here without running into some sort of animal or creepy crawly. Luckily, I am a massive fan of bugs and wildlife, so it's not a big issue for me. I love them so much that I collect petrified insects and animal bones. During almost every outdoor shoot I've done, I've had a run-in with some sort of spider because of how blind I am and my habit for walking into webs...oops. Plus, the NT is home to an extremely large variety of snakes; I've had to call a catcher a few times to come and extract one from



PHOTO BY @NEEVILLAFLOR

my garden or house. Oh, and in our dry months it's quite common to spot a green tree frog hanging out in your toilet bowl, which can be quite a surprise if you don't notice beforehand.

What is it like being a sex worker in Australia? In North America sex workers are constantly under siege, whether it's things like shadowbanning on social media, harmful legislation or restricting access to payment processors. Do you face similar obstacles?

As someone who has only ever done online sex work, with one little taste of the pro porn world, I've personally not had to face much stigma—a true privilege. But since SESTA/FOSTA and the growing anti-sex worker movement—especially on social media—it's become a struggle for all of us to find platforms where we can freely promote our content and just exist.

Accessing payment processors is already quite difficult if you're an Australian creator using sites based outside of Australia, which is like 95% of them. Recently I've had online payments completely vanish or heavily delayed, or accounts shut down because of the link to sex work. I see a lot of other online sex workers in Australia having to deal with more severe payment issues. I am no authority, but I believe we face a lot of the same headaches as North American folks do.

Our environments have a huge impact on who we are. How has your environment shaped you?

I think it's helped to shape my extremely laid-back attitude to life. I also have this very deep-seated need to be close to nature. I honestly cannot stand the thought of living in, like, some high-rise apartment or a giant penthouse. I need to feel the soil on my skin and just melt into nature, especially when I want to feel grounded. One thing I do when I'm feeling exceptionally fragile or emotional is to just lie down in the grass or soil or mud and imagine I'm sinking into the earth. It's extremely cathartic.

Considering the pandemic and lockdowns, it seems like you made a great call choosing a remote vocation and location. Where do you see yourself in five years? Still living the country life?

Honestly, until 2020 I had never felt so grateful and privileged to live where I live. On the whole, our state has done extremely well during the pandemic—I would say arguably the best in the country. I'm certain I'm going to be living in the Top End for the foreseeable future, unless I get the opportunity to move even further rural. The only slight downside is how many areas outside of the Top End, and even within it, still struggle with internet connectivity. That and I'd need to learn how to drive a stick shift and get a big four-by-four to get out there!

The night sky must be very beautiful. Do you enjoy having sex under the stars, or is that too dangerous vis-à-vis the aforementioned spiders?

Not for me! It makes the sex extra magical. Sex on the beach or near the coast is a personal favorite of mine. Once, during a little night trip to one of the coastal reserves, as we were standing there naked in the shrubs, something soft flapped into my head, then another something soft. It was a cloud of tiny ghost bats flying through the trees amongst us. Honestly, one of the most beautiful experiences I've ever had in my life.

Twitter: @Sweet_Sharle; Instagram: @PixelatedLoveSongs; OnlyFans: Sharle; MyFreeCams: Sweet_Sharle



JESSY LOOLLYPOP24, SUNSHINE SUPERSTAR—BRAZIL

It's another perfect day in Brazil, where Jessy Loollypop24 spends her afternoons by the ocean, fostering love and positivity online. Beaches may be a distant dream for some of us right now, and her livestream is the next best thing.

HUSTLER: Brazil is a beautiful country. Please describe your corner of paradise.

JESSY LOOLLYPOP24: I live in the countryside, close to the beach. It's a vacation locale, which means it's really cheap and easy to find amazing houses for rent. In Brazil the houses are surrounded by tall walls, providing ample privacy for being naked in the backyard or garden.

It must be heaven living at the beach! Can you walk us through an average day?

I normally wake up and prepare breakfast for me and my daughter. Her dad is my best friend, and we co-parent. Since we're in lockdown, I'm homeschooling her—we spend our mornings learning and, after a few hours, go outside to play and soak in a little sun.

After lunch I take a shower and prepare for my day on cam. That's where the fun happens, because I livestream outdoors. This can be tricky because I use a desktop PC. I prefer it to a laptop. So you can imagine how moving it can be a bit of a challenge—haha. By around 2 p.m. I get online and go until 6 or 7 p.m., which is when the mosquitoes come out to eat me.

I understand that May was your five-year cam-iversary—congratulations! Tell us about who you are as a performer.

When I started camming, I had the goal to create a space where everyone could be themselves and come to escape reality. The world >>

hurts us in so many ways that go unnoticed. Today I'm glad to say that I got where I wanted to be. I have amazing fans; they love to chat—with me and each other. We are basically a great big crew of friends.

As for my shows, let's just say I go with the flow. If people are in the mood to talk, we talk. Sometimes I'll dance, and sexy times also happen when the mood is right. I'd say my room has a flavor for just about anyone, and everyone is welcome!

More than anything, I want to help people. That's what I've been doing from the beginning. Listening is a powerful tool, and sometimes people just need to vent and be heard.

What do you love about living in Brazil?

I love the people, the wildlife, how it's easy to get by, and how everyone is so accepting of others' *favela*. [A *favela* is a type of low-income informal settlement in Brazil.] I do charity work in underprivileged communities, and my fans were shocked to see how normal it is. It's just simple houses, mostly unfinished because people build them little by little...but nothing like the cardboard houses you see on the news. I love my community, and I will always be a part of it. It's made me who I am today.

Brazilians seem very open-minded and accepting sexually speaking. Is this true? And does this make it easier for you, as a person who works in adult entertainment?

OMG, yes! For me, everyone is very accepting. Sex is widely talked about in Brazil. We are very curious, and it's not considered a taboo topic, like in most places. All my friends know what I do. My parents have always supported me. My mom loves what I do because she understands that I'm there to help others and not only show off my body. In fact, she says, if she wasn't so shy, she would do the same!

Let's talk food: Brazil has some of the best fruit in the world. Do you have a favorite?

Oh, no! Do I have to choose just one? *Urgh*, this is hard. Well, let's go with acerolas—it's a typical fruit from Brazil, kind of acidic but very rich in nutrients and vitamins, and the juice is yummy. Look it up, you may find it listed as a "Barbados cherry." Spoiler alert: tastes nothing like a cherry!

I know it's not a fun topic, but with the pandemic and COVID, do you feel a little safer being away from big cities?

In my area, we've been on "green alert" since the beginning—but of course I can always walk down the street and not see another living soul. It's the same at the beach, which I like because I can take pics and make short films without anyone bothering me or seeing what I'm doing. But we've been safe, and it's been great.

Is there a story or experience you can share that reflects your experience as a webcam model in Brazil?

When I started camming, my videos exploded all over the internet. Some friends from high school found them and showed them to everybody. I thought I would have to cut some ties because of all the sad stories I'd heard, but no—everybody was completely wowed and curious. Until this day I still hear from my former classmates. That's something I love about Brazil: if you accept yourself and are proud of what you do, others will follow.

Twitter: @LoollyPop24; Instagram: @TheLoollyPop24; OnlyFans & Chaturbate: LoollyPop24

KIARRA KAI, BUS LIFE—USA

Kiarra Kai has a plan. An escape plan, if you will. The intrepid performer/content creator hit the road last year, leaving behind her expensive L.A. apartment in pursuit of a better life. Home is now a yellow bus! Kiarra is obsessed with the very California concept of van life: living on the road, experiencing the local flavor, not drowning in debt. And when COVID hit, there was this opportunity to do something radical. Life-changing. Fearless. Next stop: Adventure.

HUSTLER: It's been such a rush following your updates from the road! Where are you this morning?

KIARRA KAI: L.A. I just made coffee, started some laundry. Boring stuff! But when you live in a bus, anywhere that has laundry—you gotta do it. I'm about to do some work on the bus, which is why I'm here. I'm going to fully renovate it to be way nicer.

What were you doing before this all started?

I had moved from Florida to L.A. to be closer to the industry and really commit. That was pre-COVID, pre-end of the world. And here in L.A., it's so expensive...it's insane. When the pandemic hit, I was in way over my head. There was less work, less girls renting the other rooms. I crunched the numbers and was thinking of moving somewhere cheaper. Then it hit me: I could potentially buy a school bus, renovate it, then at the end of the year decide I hate it and sell—I could lose money in the process, and I would *still* pay less than what a year's rent came out to.

And honestly, the reaction has been great. At first everyone thought I was insane. I'd tell my girlfriends, and they'd ask, "So you're going to be a homeless person in a school bus?"

Why a school bus?

I love RV life, but there is something so out there about a school bus. I'm very anti-glamour, and short-bus chic is totally me; hug a tree and pet a dog—that's what I want to do!

How do you even begin to go about finding one?

Facebook Marketplace, Craigslist, used-car dealerships—you name it. I finally found what I was looking for from a place in Whitestown, Indiana. I sent a mechanic to go look it over, but even then, what was I getting into? What had I signed up for?

Carpe diem runs through your veins!

My entire life, any time I jump or do something crazy, it works out. Even moving to L.A. from Miami was a sort of spur-of-the-moment decision. When the universe is calling me, I know it's going to go well.

Walk us through going to pick it up in Indiana.

Last October we flew from L.A. to Whitestown, where our road trip began. I was traveling with a friend—his words: "Should I come with? It sounds like you're going to die."

So now you have to get this bus back to L.A. to fix it up. The question is how?

There are two main routes back: You can go south, through Texas and then up, or north through Nebraska, Colorado and Utah. Considering the time of year, we thought a southern route might be wiser and warmer, but Chicago is north, so...



And are you sleeping in the bus too?

Absolutely. It saves so much money, but I also wanted bus life every step of the way—even the rough stuff, where you’re peeing into a bucket. And my fans know how much I pee.

Exciting trip back?

We drove straight into the first snowstorm of the season. I’m from Florida, he’s from California, and neither of us have driven on snow before—let alone in a short bus. Right before we left, it was a little cold in Chicago, so I thought to buy a propane heater. I will not lie—it is very unsafe. I kept telling my friend we’d be fine, just crack a window! Obviously we’d turn it off when we were sleeping and pull over early enough so that we could keep the heater going for a few hours and warm it up in there. But it was pretty fucking cold. You wake up with icicles in your bed from the moisture in your sheets. Those mornings you wake up hating life.

One night, the coldest we experienced, I found a really cool campground on a mountain covered in freshly fallen snow. It was gorgeous. My friend says, “Oh, it’s so pretty. Let’s drive up to the top of the mountain,” where there’s a little park. We’re almost at the top, we can see other cars, but my friend—who was driving—did not know that when you’re driving on snow and ice, especially uphill, you cannot stop.

You know on a roller coaster, right before you drop? We’re stuck like that, and there is five feet of flat, snowy road between us and a 60-foot drop. It was scary, but there was traction on the shoulder, so that’s where we had to go—backwards. I should have recorded it, but it was so stressful that I couldn’t think of anything other than survival!

And somehow, in between the natural wonders and not dying, you

still found time to produce content.

I love filming outdoors. I love being outside. It’s really worked out perfectly: I get to go to beautiful places, and fans find that really cool, especially if they’ve never been there before. Eventually, when the bus is more “girl-friendly” and cute, I want to do content trips with my girlfriends.

A lot has changed in the last year. Will you continue to work with studios and sites like you have in the past?

The industry isn’t the same anymore, and no one really knows quite what that means yet, but we all know that it’s different. I’m in L.A. right now, where I’m shooting and doing bus stuff, trying to get it ready so I can be doing it full-time in a more luxurious way. I plan to install a bathroom, shower, kitchen—the works. For now, I see myself living and working in L.A. a couple weeks at a time in between road trips.

What has bus life taught you?

To be present in my life. The things you stress about, the things you worry about—where am I going to eat, when am I going to eat, where am I going to sleep tonight—it goes back to survival. It simplifies things and cuts down all the BS—like that huge apartment I didn’t need. I feel like I finally have time to do the things I care about.

Looking back on that fateful first trip, would you change anything?

Not a thing. An adventure isn’t just the fun stuff; it’s the good and the bad. It’s suffering to be able to wake up and see the most beautiful mountain view. It’s not perfect, and that translates to other aspects of life: If you focus too hard on everything being perfect, it’s not going to work. You just have to take it as it comes.

Twitter & OnlyFans: @KiarraKai; Twitter, Bus Life: @KikiandMariee. **H**



MANDY

ARMANI

SPONTANEOUS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
HERB KING





I'm a surf-and-skate girl. I get my exercise on the beach, and I love to spend time in the water. With me, there's no such thing as a typical day. I like to be spontaneous, and I'm always down to try something new. I'm just kind of a hippie with a bad case of wanderlust. My first job was working as a beach girl in Hawaii, but I knew I wanted to be an adult model. I found connections by doing an internet search, and that was the start of my career.

"Sexually, I'm pretty adventurous, and one thing I do in bed is incorporate anal beads. I pull them out while I'm coming, and it adds this amazing sensation. Another thing I'm fond of is oral sex. I'm an awesome blowjob giver! Not to brag, but I have *skills*. I usually have sex every day, and I relish waking a man up in the morning with his cock in my mouth—such a good way to start the day!"













MANDY'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Los Angeles, California** | AGE: **33** | HEIGHT: **5-5**

MEASUREMENTS: **34C-28-36** | FAVORITE POSITION: **Doggy**



SAM MORRIL

KILLS

As a stand-up comic, Sam Morril has appeared everywhere—*Conan*, *The Tonight Show Starring Jimmy Fallon*, *The Late Late Show With James Corden*, *Last Call With Carson Daly*, *Lights Out With David Spade*... But he's also an actor, whose most notable role was in 2019's *Joker*, where Sam spread his thespian wings and took on the role of... stand-up comic. Most recently he bypassed the entire comedy industry to self-produce his own successful specials, *I Got This* and *Up on the Roof*. Sam took the time to Zoom with us at HUSTLER and share his thoughts on growing up in Gotham, the best time to drop an abortion joke and the unexpected geniality of Joaquin Phoenix.

INTERVIEW BY T.S. FARLEY
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTHEW SALACUSE

HUSTLER: Sam, this is HUSTLER, so say whatever you want.

SAM MORRIL: Yeah, I've seen *The People vs. Larry Flynt*, so I know how this goes...

You identify yourself as a comic, an actor and “a gentleman” on your website. What does that mean exactly?

I don't know. I think I wrote that ten years ago, and I thought it was funny, but I don't think it's aged well. That was pre-Me Too, and I was just like, hey, I'm a decent guy, but now I'm like, wait, am I making some point there? It does feel like a lot.

You grew up in New York City, so were you one of those kids riding the subway alone at ten years old?

Yeah. Growing up in New York was the greatest thing, but it probably messed me up in ways I don't fully realize. People are always like, “You must have grown up so fast,” and, uh, yeah, I probably started drinking and smoking two years before you did.

Did you go to that *Fame* high school?

No, I went to a small private school, which was actually very big for my development as a stand-up. We had to do community service and a presentation, and I turned mine into a stand-up routine. It killed! Everyone in the school liked me, and I was like, “OMG, I must be pretty funny.” Then I started hitting open-mics, and I was like, “Wow, they lied to me!” But I started handing out flyers on the street for stage time. It was humiliating, but stage time is so valuable in New York that I'd do that. People would walk by on the street and go, “Awwwww.” The pity was just too much. I remember I did a show once in California, at a club called Rooster T. Feathers—I'm not bragging—but I'm doing a bit, and in the middle of the gig a woman walks out and, as she shuts the door, goes, “You suck!” But then a woman in the crowd yells, “I think you're doing great!” and that hurt me so much more.

How'd you handle all that initial rejection?

It's like a drug. You don't fully quit it because the good highs are just so good, and you're like, maybe I'll hit that high again! It's addictive, and the rejection—I heard Colin Quinn say once, “You get just enough *not* to quit.” That's how I felt for those first few years, but if you have enough older comics that you respect who go, “You got a couple good ones. Keep at it...” It's funny, but a lot of us get into comedy because we're screwups in a certain way. It's not a career choice of someone who's mentally all there, like “I'm gonna try to make strangers in a bar laugh.” Something's off if you need this.

Who helped along the way?

A few people. I opened for Jim Jefferies like ten years ago, and I thought he was so funny. I was pumped to be working on the weekend, and my friend came to a show with me and said, “Jim's watching, and he laughed at all your jokes.” That was a big moment, to hear that someone I respected thought I was funny. Dave Attell was a big help, just with my confidence, because I thought he was the funniest human being to ever live, and he would

ask me to open or watch sets. Amy Schumer got me a special at Comedy Central. Gary Gulman got me a pass at the Comedy Cellar, which is probably the biggest thing in my career still.

Regarding our current culture, are you worried about censorship?

I might worry about censorship a little less than other comedians, because I've said a lot of shit. I try to push it a little bit in every special, but within reason. I'm not trying to push it to say “Fuck you!” I'm not just trying to stir up shit to stir it up. You can see when comedians are doing that, and it's not fun. It's like, “Oh, I can see into your childhood right here. You didn't get enough attention.” That's not really for me. I'll go there if it's worth going there, but if you get enough eyeballs on any joke, you're never going to bat a thousand. You have to accept that everything's not for everyone, which is why we try these jokes out, but if it hits hard enough when you run it through the process, like I think this is funny and the crowd thinks this is funny... [*Shrugs.*]

You did a joke in *Up on the Roof* that in New York there can be an abortion clinic next to a Chinese restaurant, and they're both takeout. Hilarious!

I think with abortion the jokes have to be pretty funny, because you're losing half the country to start. But also, people will message me and say, “I'm pro-life, but I think that joke is hilarious.” So sometimes you gotta put your own shit aside and have a good time. I mean, I'm anti-murder, but I love Tony Soprano!

Do you get lots of unsolicited feedback via social media?

Totally. People who go, “This is what you shoulda said with that joke.” I'm like, “So you mean the most obvious angle ever? Thank you, anonymous Twitter bot. That never crossed my mind!” There might've been a point in my career where I paid more attention to trolls, but I'm busier now. I also don't want to get lost in the internet. It's just so toxic, so bad for you. It's like eating fast food: If you get caught up eating it every day, it's going to take years off your life. You got to budget that shit!

Tell me about the first special you produced and released this year, *I Got This*. It was rejected a bunch?

Absolutely. We pitched it everywhere... I went to L.A. and did my little tap dance for the industry, crushed two shows at Dynasty Typewriter, but nobody bit. Then I came back and did it at the [Comedy] Cellar for the industry. They were like, “It's a good hour, but we're not biting.” We went back to L.A. again, because my agent said, “This is such a good hour, and someone will buy this.” But, uh... she was *wrong*! So I said fuck this shit, fuck this industry. Why am I waiting on these clowns? I'm booking a date; we'll figure out the camera crew; we'll do it at the Cellar. Let's fucking go! This is where we're at: No one watched my first hour special on Comedy Central until I started cutting it up illegally and posting it, which maybe says something about your fucking business model! Anyways, so Comedy Central said they'd put *I Got This* on their channel, and now it's at almost five million views. >>

And most recently you had the genius idea to film a show on New York City roofs?

That was my team of people, including Matt Salacuse, another native New Yorker with an incredible eye. He's photographed everyone from Noah Baumbach to Rihanna, and he showed up with his friend, who had a drone camera, and I was like, all right! Very quickly we realized we could get some beautiful shots of the city with the drone, and it quickly became an adventure to do *Up on the Roof*. Night one, the mic went out, but it was still killing. There's a part where I started doing crowd work with a guy across the street from the roof who was watching through his open window, and I was like, *This is a special! This is completely insane*. I was once at the Cellar when Chris Rock said to the whole table, "A new special has to have a new feature, like a new iPhone model does." I was thinking, *Well, no one's done a roof special!*

Probably a good place to perform in the age of COVID.

I've done a couple clubs, but I was very careful with safety protocols. My uncle's a doctor, and I'd run them all past him, so I turned a bunch down. I did a lot of outdoor gigs, but they were very weird gigs. At the amphitheater on the East River, I was doing crowd work with a drunk guy who kept heckling me, but then he walked like ten feet from me and just started pissing. I went, "This went from fun to sad pretty quickly." Yeah, I've never dealt with crazier hecklers or had less security. Fun!

How did you end up in the *Joker* movie?

My agent at the time submitted me, and I guess Todd Phillips liked my stand-up. My guy said, "Hey, you might get a call from Todd Phillips," and I was like, "Why are you fucking with me?" But he said, "Todd's making a Joker movie where the Joker tries to be a stand-up." I thought it was a great idea, because you see a lot of Joker-type people at open-mics where you're like, *That guy's trouble!* So Todd called me one day and said, "I really like your stand-up, and I'd like you to be in this movie, just a small scene." I get there, and my friend Gary Gulman tells me he just did a scene, but some asshole kept heckling him. Gary said the guy kept laughing at the wrong parts of the joke and that he nearly snapped at him. I was like, *Holy shit, it's Joaquin Phoenix*, but they didn't tell Gary. They wanted Gary to react like, *What the hell?* So I go in and do my scene, but every take I do a different bit because I want a real laugh. I don't want them to fake-laugh at my shit. That would make me crazy!

And Joaquin?

Yeah, he went on right after me, and then I got a lot of tweets that said the Joker's origin story is that he couldn't follow Sam Morril onstage [*laughs*]. But dude, watching him live, it was such a cringe-worthy thing, because his character wouldn't accept that he was bombing. He couldn't read the room and did such a great job with it, but for me it was like 'Nam flashbacks to all the open-mics I used to do. Afterwards I talked to Joaquin, and I didn't know if he would be in character still, but he was great, very friendly. **H**





SOMETIMES
YOU GOTTA
PUT YOUR OWN
SHIT ASIDE
AND HAVE
A GOOD TIME.
I MEAN, I'M
ANTI-MURDER,
BUT I LOVE
TONY SOPRANO!





CASEY CALVERT

LET'S TALK

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
LARRY FLYNT PRODUCTIONS











approach dating from the perspective of someone who started in the fetish community. When it comes to a partner, I'm looking for sexual compatibility, and I'm very picky. Because of that, I probably won't click with a regular person at a bar. I mean, I'll still flirt. And if that person turns out to be kinky, then that means we'll discuss anything and everything before we get naked. We'll set boundaries. We'll define the relationship. Negotiation turns me on and is absolutely necessary.

"I worked as a fetish model when I was in college, and I'd travel for shoots on the weekends. During that time I took a class where the professor talked about the First Amendment, and we learned how porn was protected as free speech. Shout-out to Larry Flynt! Rest in peace. That information stuck with me, and after I graduated, I transitioned from solo fetish modeling to hardcore scenes. By the way, my teacher's name was Professor Calvert!"





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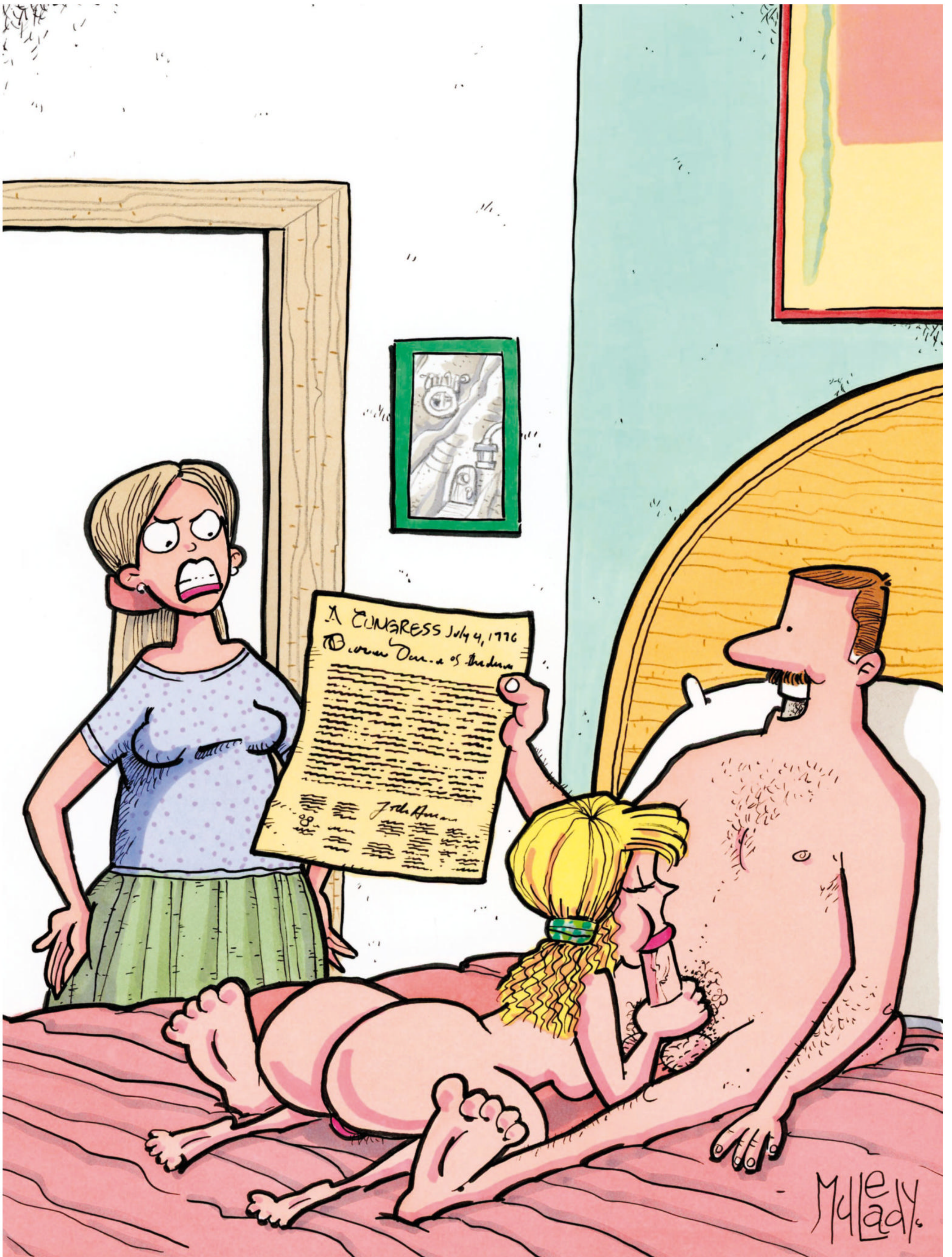


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"Sorry, honey, but I'm getting me some life, liberty and pursuit of happiness."

MARY ROCK

ROCK MY WORLD

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
DAVIDE ESPOSITO







I have a bit of the devil inside me—in other words, I’m fearless! I’ve had sex in a speeding car and in a crowded swimming pool, and I frequently bring my fantasies to life with my man and two girlfriends. Growing up, I wasn’t always this confident, but dancing and porn opened my horizons. Truth is, these days I can put a potato sack on and feel sexy.

“I’m passionate about playing tennis, dancing and learning languages. Speak Spanish or French to me while we’re fucking, and I’ll come in a heartbeat! Let’s see—what else? I talk to myself, I like to eat dessert before dinner, and I’ll throw all of my energy into a person or project I believe in.”











A photograph of a woman's legs and torso. She is lying down, with her legs raised and bent at the knees, forming a wide V-shape. Her right hand is resting on her left hip. She has long, wavy brown hair and is wearing a dark, strapless top. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

Let's rock, baby!
XO Mary



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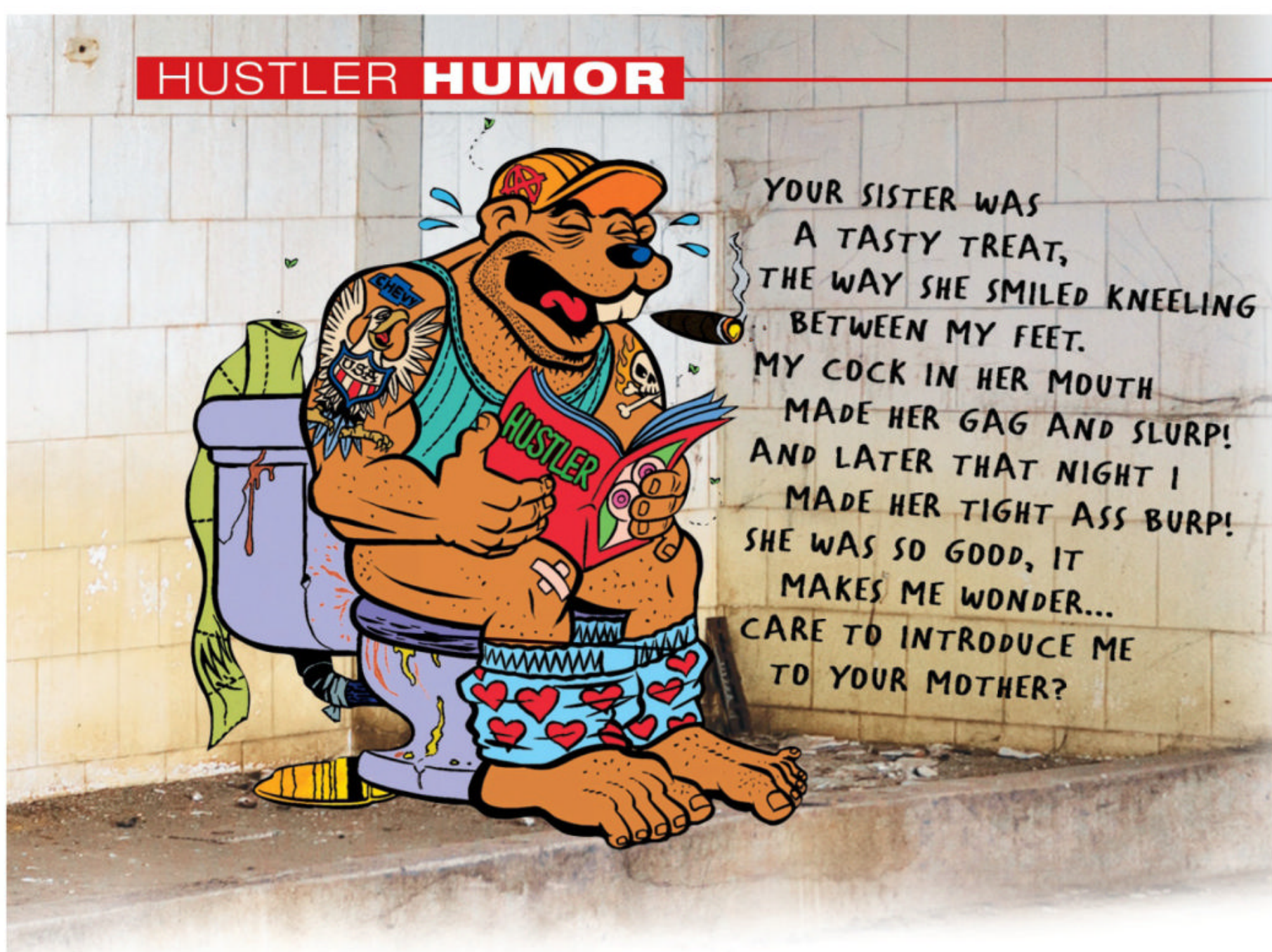
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YOUR SISTER WAS
A TASTY TREAT,
THE WAY SHE SMILED KNEELING
BETWEEN MY FEET.
MY COCK IN HER MOUTH
MADE HER GAG AND SLURP!
AND LATER THAT NIGHT I
MADE HER TIGHT ASS BURP!
SHE WAS SO GOOD, IT
MAKES ME WONDER...
CARE TO INTRODUCE ME
TO YOUR MOTHER?

A dairy farmer in western Canada married a city girl. One day he told his new wife, "I've got to fix some fencing, Carol, so you'll have to help me out. The insemination man is coming by to impregnate one of our cows today. I drove a nail into the wall above her stall so you'll know where to take him."

A short time later the insemination man arrived, and Carol led him to the barn. As they walked through the row of cows, she spotted the nail and said, "This is the one right here."

The guy, who thought that Carol was just another ditzy blonde, was impressed. "Hey, lady, how did you know this is the cow to be bred? They all look the same to me."

"That's simple," Carol replied. "By the nail over her stall."

"Okay, but what's the nail for?" the insemination man asked.

Starting to walk away, Carol looked over her shoulder and said, "I assume it's to hang your trousers on."

Bess was standing at the railing of a ferry and holding on to her hat with both hands. A gentleman approached the old woman and said, "Pardon me, madam. I don't intend to be forward, but did you know that your dress is billowing up with all this wind?"

"I know," the biddy responded. "I need to use both hands to hold on to my hat so it won't blow away."

"But, madam, you aren't wearing anything under your dress," the gent informed her, "and your privates are exposed."

Bess looked down, then back up at him and muttered, "Anything you see

down there is 85 years old. I just bought this hat yesterday."

During a warehouse fire, two firefighters were butt-fucking in a smoke-filled room. The chief walked in and shouted, "What the hell are you guys doing?!"

One of them replied, "Jim's got bad smoke inhalation."

"Well then, give him mouth-to-mouth," the chief advised.

"I did," the firefighter responded. "How do you think this got started?"

An eight-year-old girl went to the office with her father on "Take Your Child to Work Day." Soon after they arrived, she started crying and getting very cranky. "What's wrong, sweetie?" the father asked.

As the office staff gathered around, the youngster gurgled, "Daddy, where are all the clowns you said you worked with?"

Question: What do a redneck divorce and a burning meth lab have in common?

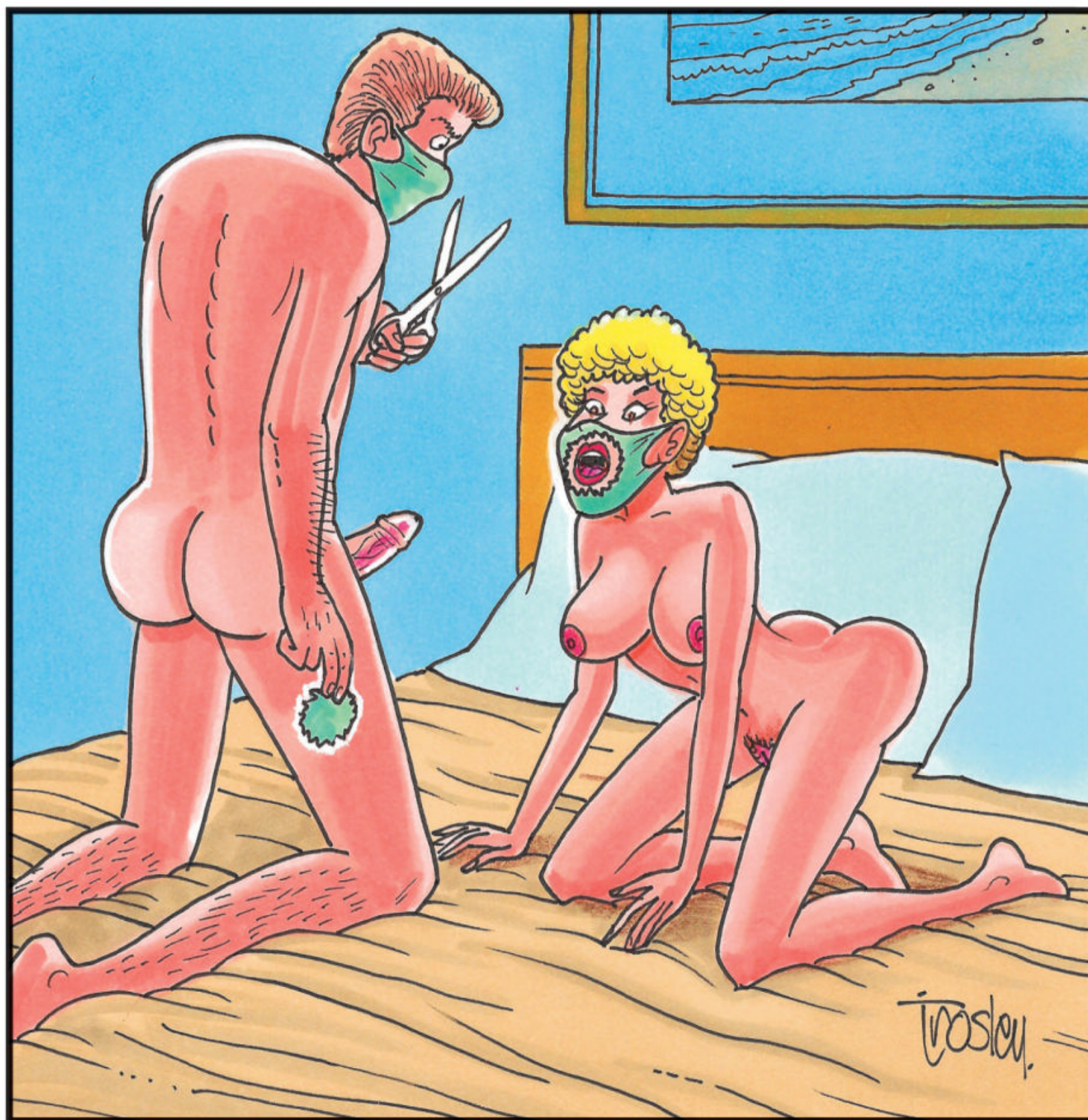
Answer: Someone is gonna lose a trailer.

A married couple in their early 60s were each granted a wish by a beautiful fairy who'd materialized in their living room one evening. "I wish to travel around the world with my darling husband," the wife declared. The fairy waved her wand, and two tickets for a luxury cruise appeared in her hand.

The husband said, "Sorry, dear, but my wish is to have a wife who's 30 years younger than me."

The fairy waved her wand, and the husband immediately turned 90 years old.

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"That's a beautiful dress you're almost wearing!"



JOHN LYDON

I COULD BE WRONG, I COULD BE RIGHT

INTERVIEW BY COLIN McCracken
PHOTOGRAPHY BY VICTOR LIGHTWORSHIP

As Johnny Rotten, frontman of the notorious Sex Pistols, he defined punk, becoming an eternal icon of the movement, but it was with Public Image Ltd that the genius of John Lydon became truly apparent. PiL changed the face of contemporary music, influencing bands as diverse as Nine Inch Nails, Sonic Youth and Radiohead. Maligned, imprisoned, blacklisted and banished, it hasn't been an easy ride, but after more than 40 years in the music business, Lydon is still standing strong. And today HUSTLER has an audience with him. Given that he's sharp as a switchblade and doesn't suffer fools gladly, we went in with a degree of apprehension. As it turned out, our concerns were misguided, Lydon was charming, warm, good-humored and engaged ...but still sharp as a switchblade. >>

John Lydon laughs a lot. A thick, hearty laugh that is unbelievably infectious. He's instantly commanding. It's easy to see why he became such a focal point for the media when he exploded onto the London scene in the late '70s amidst a haze of smoke, spit and swearing.

Lydon's no-bullshit approach and willingness to call people out is something that he admits stems from his working-class upbringing. The son of Irish immigrants, he grew up in Finsbury Park, a culturally diverse council (social housing) area, where early on he acquired a love of music and the ability to hold his own in a tough situation.

Lydon has used his years on Benwell Road as the inspiration for a hellish painting depicting the British class divide shadowed by a fiery inferno. This painting is now on the cover of *I Could Be Wrong, I Could Be Right*, Lydon's new book, in which he delves into everything from drugs to fame, Sid Vicious to squirrels and, perhaps most poignantly, caring full-time for his beloved wife Nora, who is experiencing the later stages of Alzheimer's disease. The pair have been inseparable for the past 45 years, and Lydon is determined to take every step of their journey together.

The book is aesthetically gorgeous: a modern art piece, filled with vignettes and asides. It feels like a free and honest piece of work, something I am curious about, given that a more standardized autobiography was released several years ago. "I had such rows with that publisher," recalls Lydon. "They wanted to twist everything or change the language, and the same with the second book. They just kept altering it." Forcing strict grammatical rules and telling him that certain words he was using were "not English" irritated the experimental and creative nature of Lydon's linguistic style. "It's so alien to us as human beings and what we know as our constantly evolving culture," he explains. "I understand the love of language because I have that. When I was young in school, the two things I loved were English literature and poetry, but the rulebook that goes with it is antihuman."

Giving consideration to his statement, he adds a counterpoint: "Sometimes it's very appropriate to stick by the rules. For example, to write a song with a verse-chorus-verse format. Depending on the subject, that can be the most relevant way to get your point across, but not always. You have to be able to mix and match and fuck with traditions. It's vital, or else the culture doesn't evolve. It remains stagnant."

Lydon references a recent publication filled with his artwork and lyrics: "It's odd when you go back and read your lyrics in that way, and write them down, because I was surprised by what I'd actually written. I'm shocked with my own effrontery with the truth. I just smack it on the head and tell it like it is. It quite surprises me, as I think of myself as naturally reserved and shy. Fucking hell, I'm far from it."

HUSTLER asks if the motivation behind taking control of the content comes from a lifetime of being misrepresented in the media, something Lydon describes as "hilarious to me, but at the same time deeply bloody annoying and frustrating."

"Take a song like 'God Save the Queen.' In England people think it's anti-British and all the rigmarole that went with it. Now, when I performed that song in Ireland, I was seen as being anti-Irish—promoting the curiosity of royalty to an Irish audience. Both aspects are wrong. But it's a testament to how people can get so complicated about something so...blatant, shall we say?

"I think the lyrics are fairly clear that I'm angry about a situation that it's insisted on paying tax on and am therefore entitled to an opinion. I won't be swayed by those cultural differences. 'Oh, you can't say anything about the English in Ireland or anything about the Irish in England,' because it's not my agenda at all. I've traveled the world enough

times to know that we all have basically the same loves and hates. There it is, no matter the language difference."

This leads me to ask whether a lot of the misinterpretation stems from Lydon being a working-class lad thrown into the spotlight by a predominantly upper- and middle-class media. "Well, It's grim in the council flats," Lydon notes. "Hopelessly grim. It was a real problem dealing with the music press, for instance. The closest they could ever get to my background was through The Clash, who were pretending to be council-flat kids. They'd visit a grandmother who lived in a council flat, take photos and show them all on the balcony. Just not realistic. Looking down on us, while at the same time trying to affiliate with us, which is very troublesome. It's created real problems over the years. I know there's no need for class warfare, but the ruling classes definitely want to keep it in place."

Lydon celebrates the diversity of his youth, attributing many benefits to it. "[I lived around] mixed cultures," he explains, "very mixed. It was just poor people, and we all grew up together. It didn't matter about the color of your skin. You were either a good bloke to trust or you were not. It was as simple as that, cultural bonds that go beyond race, creed or color."

At the age of seven, he contracted meningitis, which left him in a coma for several months. When he awoke, he had lost his memory, and several essential skills needed to be relearned completely. "After meningitis from seven to eight, my eyesight went, and it's been bad ever since. When I first started [playing live], eye contact terrified me, and I very quickly realized that people were just as scared looking at me. The legend was born—the Rotten Stare. I'm not staring; I'm trying to focus. Teachers hated me for it, and I got a bloody good caning about once a month because of it too."

Lydon goes on to talk about how the swinging '60s, which were being shown on television, seemed a world away from the environment in which he grew up. "You look around, and nobody has anything like [what's being shown on TV], and you realize you're not part of the universe at all. You're this thing that's pushed aside. It's very annoying, you know, and it creates a rebellious streak in you. I wouldn't go as far as to say resent, but it puts you up in arms somewhat. You're being judged a bit too harshly by the more privileged."

I inquire if this has made him more fearless through the years: "You have no other options," he instantly replies. "You have to go all in. No retreat. No surrender. You've nothing to lose."

It was this fearlessness Lydon used to create a unique and individualistic approach to life as a young man. His outspoken manner and equally outlandish fashion sense brought him to the attention of Malcolm McLaren, who was running the infamous SEX store in London's Chelsea with his then-partner Vivienne Westwood. It was a Pink Floyd T-shirt that caught McLaren's eye. Lydon was donning one, upon which he had added the prefix "I Hate..."

Despite an acrimonious parting of ways, fraught with lawsuits, public fallouts and wars of words, Lydon speaks fondly of his former manager, as he does almost all of his collaborators. He clearly carries no bitterness with him. "Malcom was Malcom," he says. "Very effete and pretty and fey—gosh, those are old Bowie words to describe Marc Bolan [laughs]. Hilarious. He had a really saucy, good sense of humor, and I always knew he was a bit of a joker. A real prankster. Malcolm loved the way I dressed. He'd never seen anything like that," recalls Lydon, before adding with his trademark sneer, "He didn't understand that that also came with a personality which was equally disturbing to the masses. >>

PEOPLE ARE LIKE,
‘OH, YEAH, I COULD
HAVE BEEN
JOHNNY ROTTEN.
ANYONE COULD
DO THAT.’ BUT
HERE’S THE
ANSWER:
‘DID YOU? NO.
JOHNNY ROTTEN
DID.’





"I wasn't just a clothes horse," adds Lydon of his time with the Sex Pistols. "There was a full package. And that kind of upset Malcolm somewhat, because he wanted to promote himself as—I suppose the Andy Warhol of Britain. He seen us as an art school project. That would be the most accurate way of looking at it. Without any realization that we were actual human beings. That's a class thing, right there. Somehow, in the educational system, the middle-class are taught to look down on those who haven't been through their regime."

I ask Lydon if his time with the Pistols seems like a lifetime ago, and I can't help but wonder how his perception of their legacy has changed through the years.

"The only thing that alters is a gossipmongering media that likes to write consistently wrong things about it. I used to call it a cottage industry, but it's far larger than that now, where people rewrite parts for themselves and go back, reshaping all of it. It's a tragedy and a shame, because the reality is far, far more interesting. What can you say or do? People think that everything you do is their property, for them to write their name on top of it."

I suggest that this might be the misrepresentation we spoke of rearing its ugly head again.

"You're one for finishing the paragraphs, aren't ya?" laughs Lydon. "You're right and all, yes. It's very annoying; it's upsetting; it's difficult. But no one said life was going to be easy. I don't suppose I took the easy way out. At all. Not ever. I am surprised by the opposition to what is well known as the truth. It's consistently being rewritten right in front of my face, by all manner of cheeky fucks who have no right to do that. In a fun, crude way, people are like, 'Oh, yeah, I could have been Johnny Rotten. Anyone could do that.' But here's the answer: 'Did you? No. Johnny Rotten did.'"

With Sex Pistols exploding and imploding in what seemed like an instant—the band released only one studio album and were originally active between 1975 and 1978—I'm curious if Lydon wishes it could have gone on longer than it did. "No. No, it was all so horrible, and it was right to let that stop," he responds without a moment's hesitation. "After a long spell we did a reunion [in the mid-'90s] and found out that we really didn't like each other after all. That's a harsh reality, but it's a valid one, because I think that combination of animosity and jealousy and mistrust of each other helped in the songwriting. There's your angst. There's your confusion. What would you have expected from us, lovely dove ditties? 'Hi, guys. Great to see you. Let's write a groovy song.' I don't think so."

"We weren't working to complement each other. We were working off the ferocity of each other's personalities. A most excellent place to be in. It's not like it was calculated either, because that's what was presented. Therefore, that's what had to be dealt with."

"I've learnt in recent years that working with really, really close friends is, ultimately, much more rewarding. I didn't have that option way back then. Looking back, that's how it's supposed to be. I'd have been no good, beginning with a comfy sofa."

With regard to rewriting history, it was announced that Danny Boyle of *Trainspotting* and *28 Days Later* is set to shoot a Sex Pistols biopic for TV to be titled *Pistol*. The subject is raised, and Lydon sounds bewildered at the whole thing. "I'm absolutely shocked," he admits. "The first I heard of this was a week ago. Nobody, but nobody decided to let us know this. Supposedly, it's all about Steve Jones' lifestyle. Well, I find that hilarious, because all of the promo pictures are of me. Yet I am not part of it; I am not involved in it. In fact, it feels like some kind of deliberate ostracization to me. It's so negative in its approach—that nobody had the common decency to say, 'Hi, John. We love Steve. We've written this. Wouldn't this be great?' That wasn't what was presented. So to my mind this cannot possibly be a good thing, because that kind of secrecy is inevitably corrupt."

The late-stage process of the announcement, and the complications of being portrayed by an unauthorized performer seem to genuinely concern Lydon. "Well, I'm appalled because apparently they've got an actor in to misrepresent me. I had the same arguments years ago with that horrible *Sid and Nancy* film [made by Alex Cox in 1986].

With all respect to Gary Oldman for playing Sid, but it was still a two-dimensional character, a postcard version of a real, living human being, and some fat bloke representing me. It's really nasty stuff when they do this, especially when you're still alive.

"This alleged TV series... how long have they been working on that as a script, if they're already picking actors? That's ferociously disrespectful. I'm so disappointed in him [Boyle]. I expected better than that. He should understand how dangerous this stuff is, to play with reality in such a secretive way."

Lydon's genuine disappointment comes through as he fondly recalls when Danny Boyle incorporated his music for some of the Olympics opening ceremony in London 2012. "He did a very good thing with that, using a couple of Sex Pistols references in front of the royal family. That was rather excellent. Look, we'll work it out. That's what people do. Whatever we do with this, I'll do it for the best reasons. If I think they're trying to shaft me and rewrite history in the most inappropriate way, then it'll be difficult for them. Over the years I've had the reputation of being an honest fella, and you can't besmirch that quite so easily."

The subject of rock biopics is discussed and how often they miss the mark. Lydon suggests that it's because they are two genres which don't gel together, as well as an issue of studio interference.

"There was an offer years ago for me to do a Pistols-type film based on one of my books," he reveals. "I wouldn't do it in the end because when it came down to the scripting, the nonsense I would have to hear from people sitting round a committee table—'We have to have a love scene here...' I mean, have these people ever lived a real life? That's not how people are. In rockumentaries in particular, you're always building up to the great live stage performance. Basically, in the cinema, it's going to come over as a turgid, badly filmed mess." >>

**DON'T ALLOW
YOURSELF
THE COMFORT
OF SELF-PITY
OR SELF-
AGGRANDIZEMENT.
IT'S USELESS
TO YOU.**

Lydon cites the recent documentary *The Public Image Is Rotten* as something he feels tells the story better than a movie could. PiL was out of action for a number of years, something that is attributed to legal complications and the time in which Lydon cared for and raised Nora's grandchildren, the sons of Slits singer Ariane Forster (Ari Up).

"Record labels put such a debt on me that, until I'd recouped that debt, they wouldn't allow me to work," explains Lydon. "In order to recoup the debt, I had to work, so it was catch-22. Awfully negative. This forced me into ridiculousness. A butter campaign, which wasn't for a huge amount of money, let me tell you, but it helped me pay back the debt and reform PiL, so the documentary caught us at exactly the right time."

Deciding not to enter the realm of stadium rock, which was suggested and preferred by promoters, PiL went small-scale for their tour. "We kept it tight. Neat little venues with the intimacy which the songs required, and for that it worked. We made the right decision. If you want to get into people's hearts, you have to be intimate. There can be the occasional enormous crowd, which can be great fun, but don't make it a habit, or you become distant emotionally. That's fuckery from there on in; there's no way back."

Lydon's delighted with the band he has now, given years of heavy turnover when it came to musicians. "Up to recently, I was always fearful of all kinds of mind games and traps and people pulling strokes. I've had band members demand extra money ten minutes before a gig, saying, 'Oh, I'm not going on unless I get more money.' These are hard things. I've had to sack entire bands for having the same attitude."

Thankfully, PiL is around and tighter than ever. Despite the band's success, however, Lydon is balancing his work with caring for Nora, and he quickly downplays any sense of what he perceives to be unnecessary praise for doing so.

"When I was very young, my mother was very ill a great deal of the time, and my dad had to work away a lot. I used to look out for my younger brothers. I wasn't forced to, but my natural instinct is to care for people. It's an automatic response. Now, we're not all born that way, right? I understand some people who can't cope with it, because the pressure is so overwhelmingly shocking and different. Nora and me, we've lived together nearly 45 years. How is that going to just be stopped?"

When I ask how Nora is doing, Lydon is both honest and warm in his response: "Deteriorating, sometimes quite alarmingly, in leaps and bounds, but then there's a spring-back. The deeper part of it is that she is such a gentle, sweet, good-natured, well-meaning and unselfish person that it's a privilege to care for her."

Music and film play a key role in their togetherness, and they spend many afternoons in their Venice Beach home watching old Ealing or Norman Wisdom comedies. "It's in those that we find great pathos and great union. Those giggles, they bring her back," Lydon adds. "Occasionally we bring our pictures in and look at all the family members. You keep the energy running, rather than just terminate and go 'Oy, nurse! Deal with it.'"

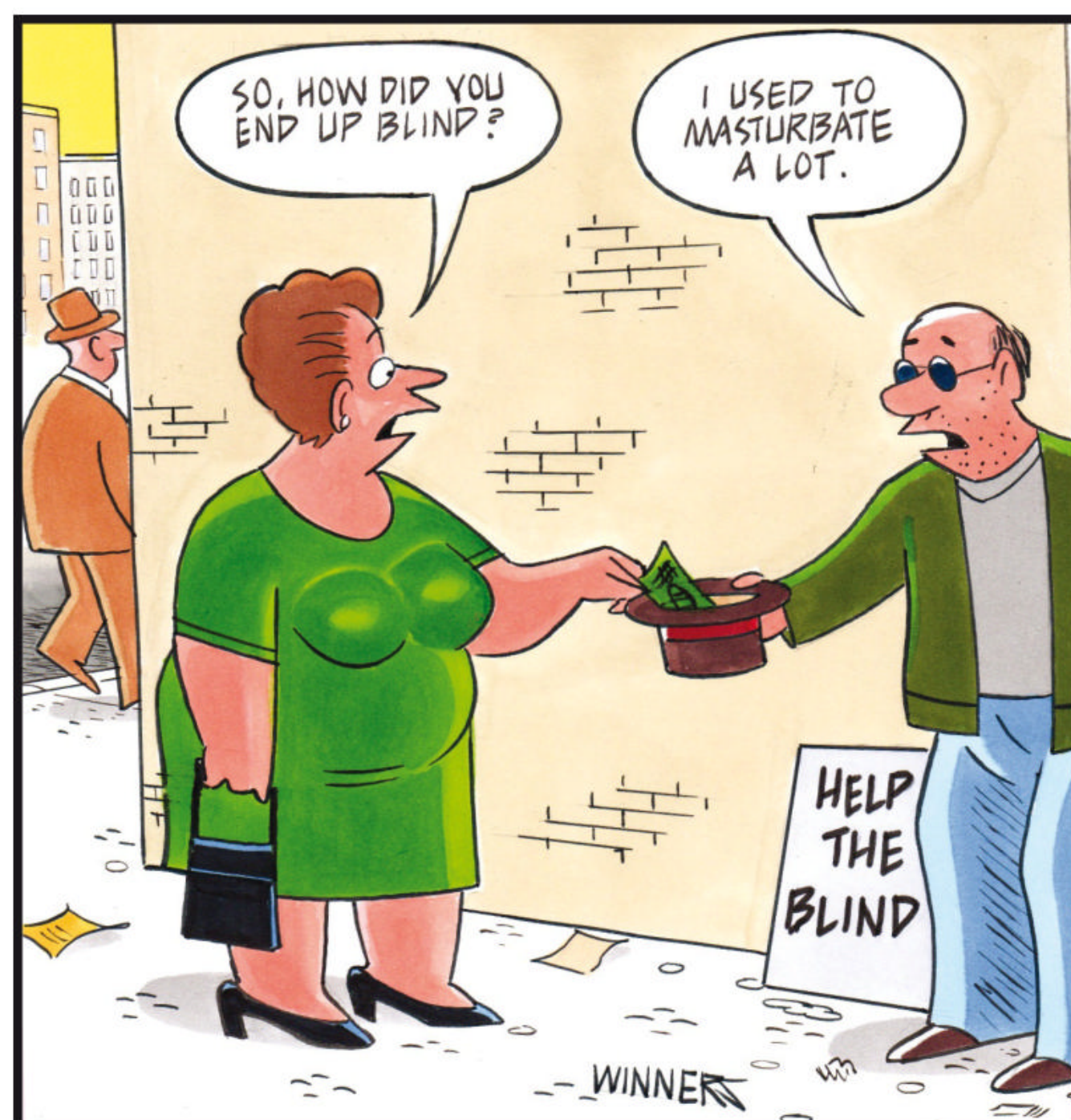
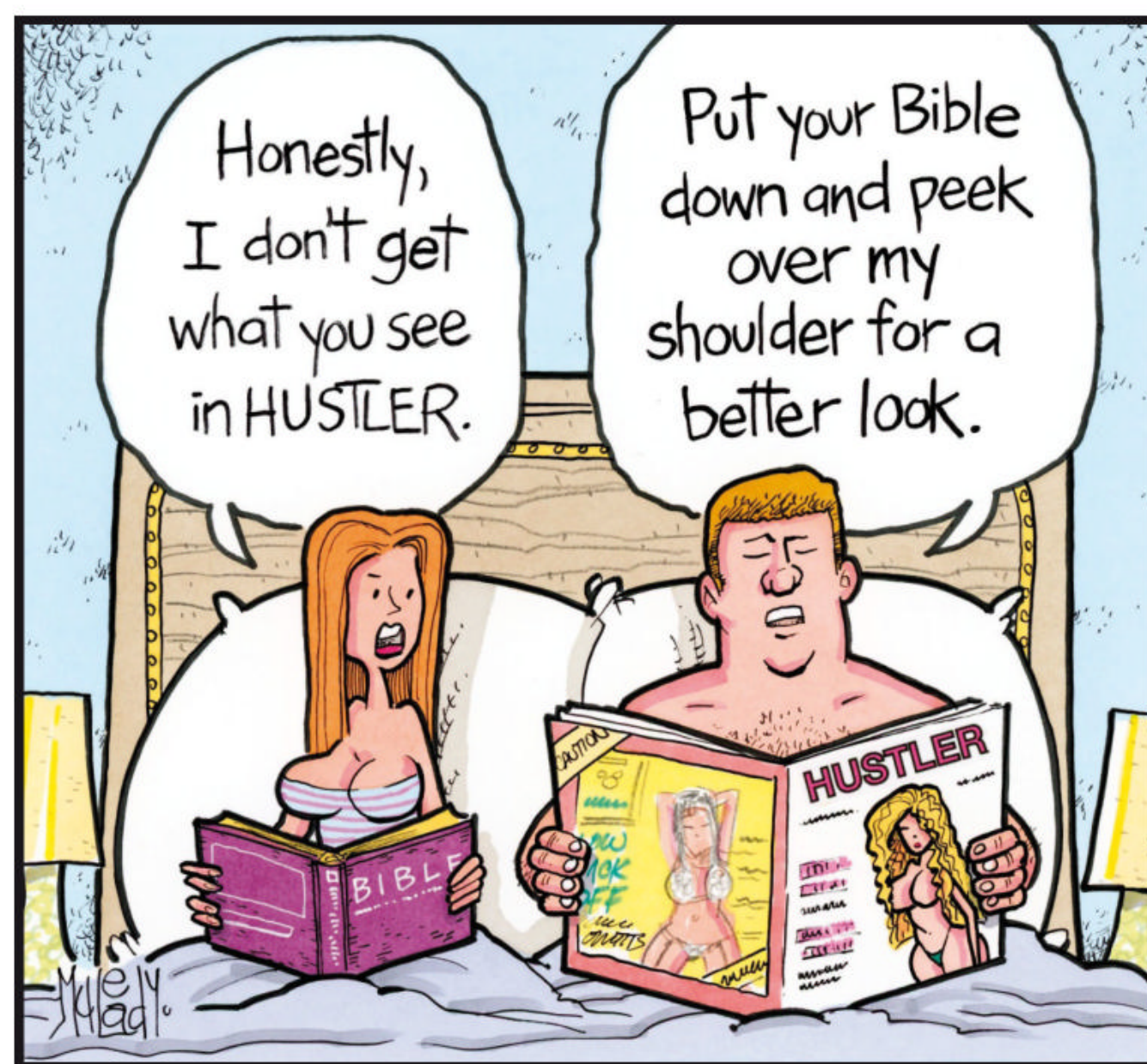
"When we were younger, we'd never open a photograph album to save our lives. There wasn't the thought of photographing each other. But somehow or another, over the years, people have taken snapshots of us and family members, and now I have copies of that kind of stuff. It's regretful that I didn't do that kind of thing instinctively."

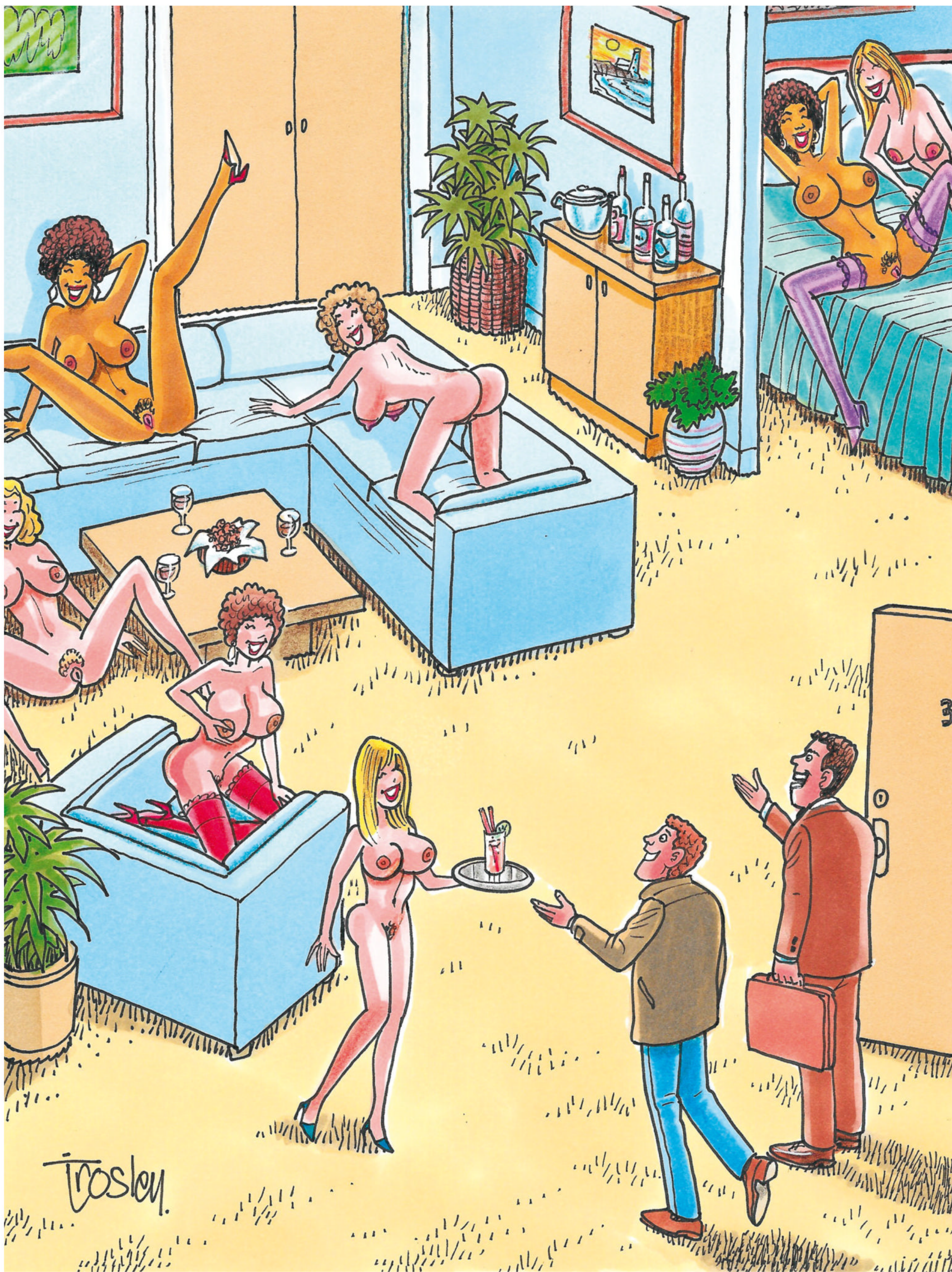
Lydon remains grounded and positive, yet realistic. "Whenever I get the feeling that I'm really comfortable and enjoying life and can cope with this situation, something will come in like a curve from hell, reminding me to wake up. Don't allow yourself the comfort of self-pity or self-aggrandizement. It's useless to you." He ponders a moment be-

fore adding, "My experiences have armored me really well."

Even though Nora won't be able to travel with him, Lydon is looking forward to getting back on the road later this year. "The tour should be great," he enthuses. "I love these book meetings. A theater full of people, getting questioned. It can become so intimate and so inspiring to me in particular. The depth of the questioning. If it goes well, it turns into an evening in a strange pub where everyone turns into a friend. That's how you promote a book. That's what my book is doing." **H**

Visit JohnLydon.com for information on the new book *I Could Be Wrong, I Could Be Right* and for details of Lydon's autumn Q&A tour in the U.K. The documentary *The Public Image Is Rotten* is now available on all major streaming services.





"And this, of course, is the furnished bachelor apartment..."



MEGAN SAGE



PUFFY NIPPLES

HUSTLER VIDEO. **DIRECTOR:** STUART CANTERBURY.
STARRING: KATE ENGLAND, MEGAN SAGE, SARAH JESSIE, JAYE SUMMERS, JILLIAN JANSON, BRAD KNIGHT, AARON WILCOX & CHAD ALVA.



Ah, nipples—providing nourishment for the body, soul and libido alike since mankind first emerged from the primordial soup. And if those spouts should be a bit on the swollen side, all the better! *Puffy Nipples* celebrates the engorged end of the milk-spigot spectrum, creating a corresponding bulge between viewers' legs. Fine-featured blonde Kate England has areolae that resemble pepperoni slices and a face reminiscent of Marlee Matlin in her prime, so if you've ever wondered what the *Reasonable Doubts* actress would look like giving a blowjob (and we know you're out there), welcome to your new favorite boner jam. England's nipples swell like she's about to whelp out a litter of pups as she's pumped full of cock. Eventually her jutting dairy dispensers receive their proper tribute with a dousing of jism, like a cooler of Gatorade dumped over a football coach's head after a game well played. Brunet charmer Megan Sage has a bit of a Marisa Tomei vibe and nipples that jut like turkey timers. Sage takes a proper pounding to her puss before her modest milk mounds receive a thorough cum-glazing. Elsewhere, tattooed blonde Sarah Jessie and cute brunette Jaye Summers pair up for a spirited coupling that's half sex scene, half caged death match; Jessie's fingers dig into Summers' snatch like it's a drain her diamond ring fell into. Blond cock-sweller Jillian Janson rounds things out with her pert, perfect sweater puppies. *Puffy Nipples* is the tits! Call 800-763-8271 ext. 7651 to order.

—Pico D. Ribibi





JILLIAN JANSON



JAYE SUMMERS &
SARAH JESSIE



KATE ENGLAND



VANNA BARDOT



GIZELLE BLANCO



HOT AS FUCK 2

JULES JORDAN VIDEO. **DIRECTOR:** MANUEL FERRARA. **STARRING:** LACY LENNON, VANNA BARDOT, GIZELLE BLANCO, MONA AZAR & MANUEL FERRARA.



Some are born great; some achieve greatness; some have greatness thrust upon them. And Manuel Ferrara? Well, he's great at thrusting, period. He's also had the pleasure of pummeling more prime pussies than you can shake your stick at. *Hot as Fuck 2* finds Ferrara and his inexhaustible sex drive once again laying waste to a succession of comely smut babes, inspiring a curious mixture of admiration, envy and arousal in anyone who's watching. With her compact frame and prominent ponytail, brunet fuckdoll Vanna Bardot looks a little like Ariana Grande, if Grande were prone to spreading her shitter wide for the public's viewing enjoyment. Ferrara gives Bardot his standard treatment, throat-fucking her and choking her a little as she rides his monstrous member. Bardot's face contorts feverishly as Ferrara drills her; her eyes roll back in her head, like they simply can't bear witness to the punishment her snatch is taking. Further on, it's redheaded knockout Lacy Lennon's turn. If Lennon were any paler, she'd be transparent, but she puts in a colorful performance here, burying her tongue in Ferrara's crinkly turd-cutter and launching an impressive gusher from her tight twat. And it's amusing to watch ample-framed brunette Mona Azar plant her sizable haunches on Ferrara's face like a pro wrestler trying to pin her opponent into submission. *Hot as Fuck 2* definitely brings the heat.

—P.D.R.

MONA AZAR



LACY LENNON



SKYE BLUE



PERFECT TENS

DARKX. **DIRECTOR:** MASON. **STARRING:** SKYE BLUE, LACY LENNON, VANNA BARDOT, ALINA LOPEZ, ROB PIPER, JAX SLAYHER & ISIAH MAXWELL.



Is there really any such thing as perfection? Probably not—and if there is, porn probably isn't the best place to look for it. But in terms of XXX offerings, a procession of good-looking chicks getting nailed into next week with a minimum of fanfare or “plot” is usually the best you can hope for. By that standard, *Perfect Tens* delivers. This is a no-nonsense offering—there's no mind-numbing pre-scene chatter, and the viewer is treated to just the right amount of tease before the down-and-dirty action. And, yeah, the babes getting banged are hot enough to leave scorch marks on your cock as you furiously hump your fist. Short-haired, lithe blonde Skye Blue has tits that are as close to flawless as possible. Blue gets thoroughly worked over by Rob Piper and his towering slab of cock meat. In fact, she seems on the verge of suffocating as she attempts to work as much of that jumbo dong down her gullet as possible. Piper fervently humps Blue's luscious cleavage, eventually raining a gooey torrent of sac slop on her proudly heaving mambos. Piper's scene with pretty, pale Lacy Lennon is a delightfully messy affair. Lennon growls gutturally as Piper tongue-swabs her snatch, and as things proceed, they both work up a good coat of sweat and slobber. By scene's end, *Perfect Tens* makes a perfect mess. —P.D.R.

LACY LENNON



VANNA BARDOT



HAZEL
HEART

TOY STORY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
LARRY FLYNT PRODUCTIONS











used to read naughty fan fiction when I was in high school. I'd sneak peeks at the stories on my phone during class. I watched a lot of porn before I got into the industry, but not as much now that I'm making smut. :) These days, when I'm not working, I'm reading or having fun outside.

"I started making videos as soon as I was legal. I've always been a supersexual person, and knowing that I could make money from what I love doing anyway blew my fucking mind! One of the best things about the business is that I get to meet new friends and play with toys—lots of great toys. I get so wet when someone dominates me, but if you know how to treat me like a princess, it's over—I'm yours!"







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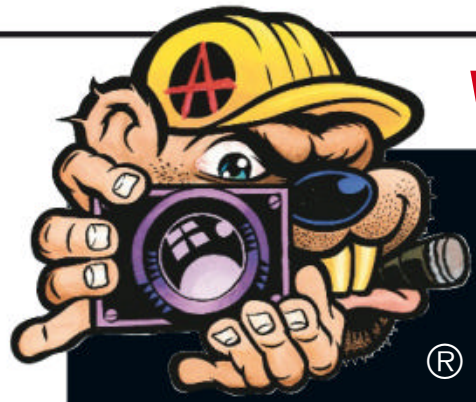
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FELICIA FISHER

Beaver Hunt debuted in July 1976, and back then pubic hair dominated the pelvic landscape. That's why we're opening our 45th-birthday revue with Felicia Fisher, 27, a "sweet, playful and bratty" phone-sex operator from Denver, Colorado. She's stoked to be here. "HUSTLER is legendary!" the 5-foot-3 hip-hop fan raves. "When I was 19, I worked at a porn shop, stocking—and reading—the magazines. I thought it would be cool to be seen naked in a magazine and jerked off to, particularly in one as esteemed as HUSTLER." Felicia adds, "I neglected my hobbies for a while, but during the pandemic I immersed myself in creating hot internet content with my friend Little Puck and rekindled my love of knitting, embroidery, nature walks and bike rides." As for sex, the bi gal reveals, "I'd call myself open-minded, nasty and very kinky. I'm into indulging others' fetishes, and I have quite a few of my own. I love being throat-fucked, strap-on play and rough, messy sex—the messier, the better. I squirt like a fountain!" Felicia has two fantasies: "getting gangbanged by a group of hot friends" and "having extra-kinky sex on my wedding night." —Photos by Little Puck

Twitter & Instagram: @ FeliciaFisherX
OnlyFans.com/FeliciaFisher



"I shave occasionally, but I learned in my early 20s just how powerful it is to be hairy! it feels and looks so hot. It helps that I grow a lot of hair down there!"



FANNY LIMONES

"I enjoy my body and sexuality, and I want to share them with the world," says Fanny Limones, 26, who was born in Mexico and raised in Luverne, Minnesota. "I'm very driven by my goals. Being in HUSTLER is an honor for me and my modeling career." The 5-foot-2 skin-mag rookie is more than a self-professed "shy-at-first, girl-next-door type." Fanny explains, "I'm a bookworm. I love to read about psychology, body language and my favorite topic—physics. I also garden, and if I do say so myself, I'm a mean cook. During the pandemic I started a cooking channel on YouTube and a candles-and-crafts business." Asked to shed light on her sex life, Fanny replies, "I'm a very naughty, adventurous soul. I'm mostly straight, and one of my many talents is having a deeper throat than Crater Lake. I also love to fool around with women. The first time I kissed a girl, I liked it." Fanny concludes her biographical introduction with a bang: "My favorite positions are me on top—I really love to ride a guy—and good old-fashioned doggy. You should also know that I need to have intercourse at least three times a week; otherwise I get grouchy."

—Photos by Erik Raos

"I like athletic guys with muscles. My fantasy is to have sex with an NFL player."



Instagram: @Limones.XX
OnlyFans.com/MissLimones



OLIVIA NICE

Olivia Nice, 21, is a lifelong resident of Szolnok, Hungary, and nude modeling is only one of her claims to fame. “When I was 16, I ran away and disappeared for a few weeks,” the 5-foot-4 cutie recounts. “My picture even appeared in newspapers and on TV. I wasn’t kidnapped or murdered, as my family feared. I just wanted to have a little adventure, riding trains and buses all over Europe.” Olivia returned home safely, and once of legal age, she briefly took a stab at porn, showing off her sexual ardor in *Pool Party*, *Dance Off* and *She’s Working His Tool*. “I love the penis,” Olivia avows, “but girls know how to make my kitty tingle with their tongue.” Bicycling and playing the violin are Olivia’s “nice hobbies,” but the pandemic has stifled her nightlife: “We still have a curfew, and clubs are closed, so I can’t pursue my naughty hobby. I love meeting and seducing interesting girls and guys—and having hot sex when we click.” —Photos by Omnia Productions

“As soon as travel restrictions end, my fantasy is to have a threesome with a hot girl and guy in every country in Europe.”



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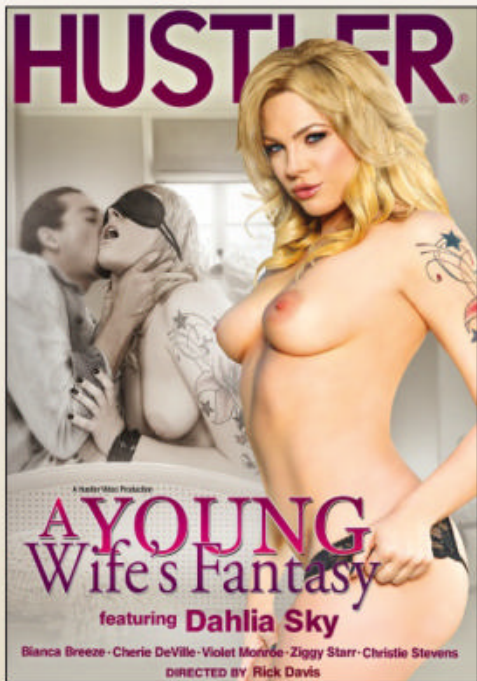


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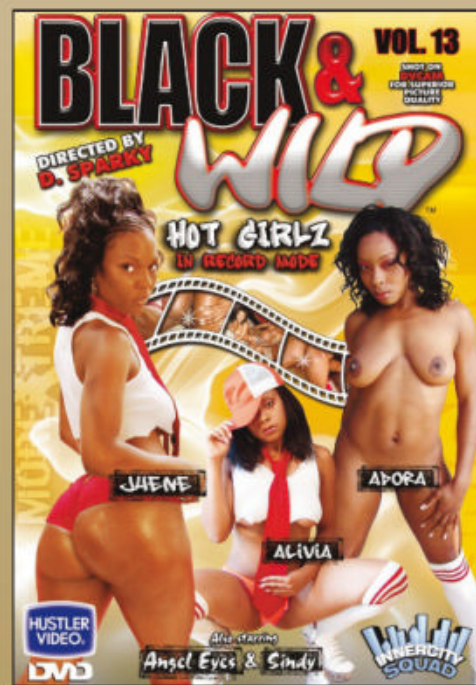
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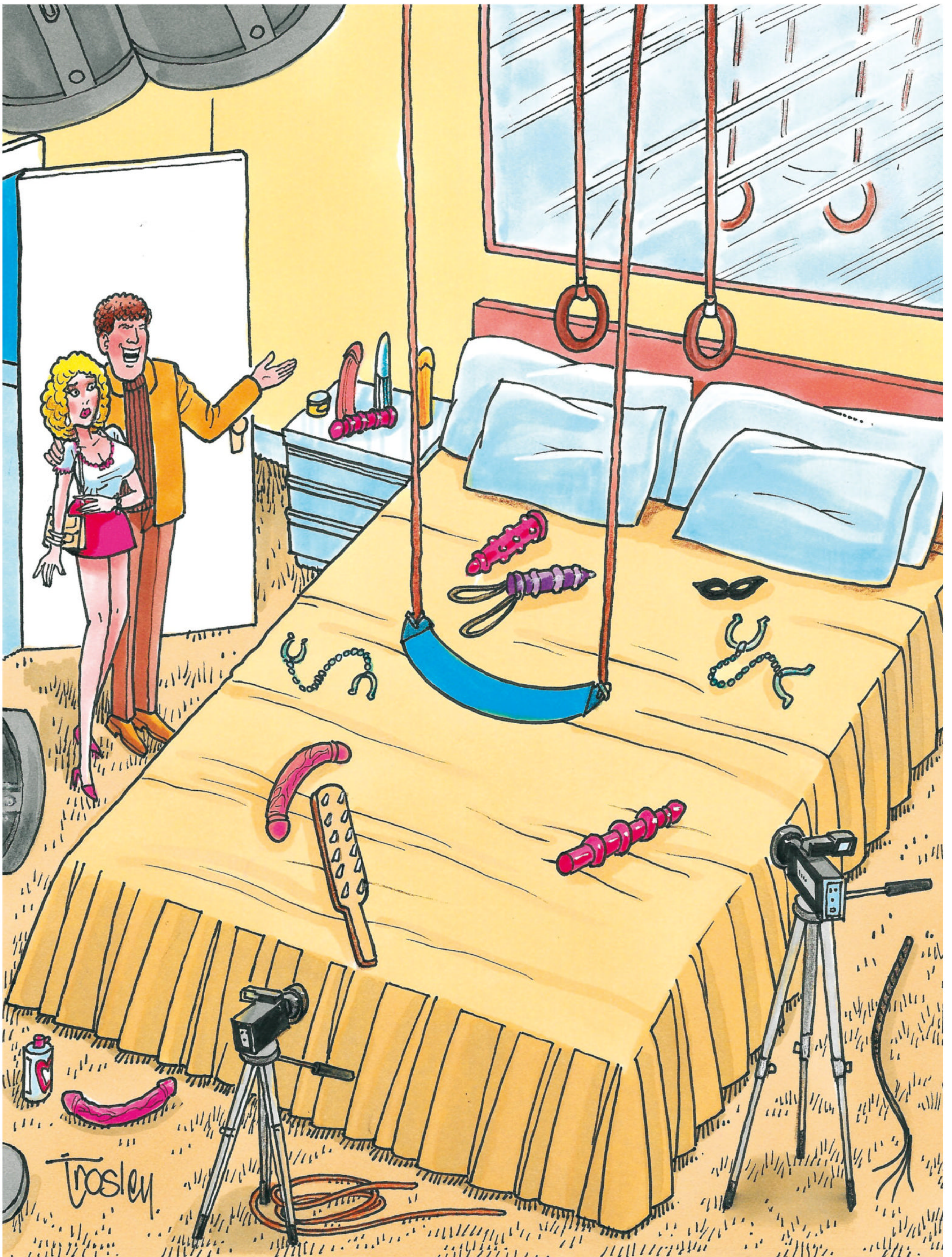
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A woman in a red, ruffled, off-the-shoulder dress is shown from the waist down, posing with her hands on her hips. She is wearing red high-heeled shoes.

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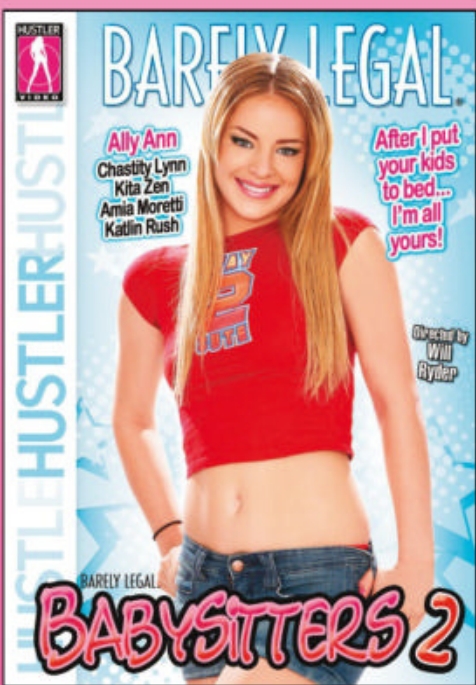
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PHOTOGRAPHY BY
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Sung to the tune of “Thank God I’m a Country Boy”—that classic written by John Martin Sommers and performed by John Denver. Yes, back in 2007 HUSTLER girl copy sometimes took the form of mangled lyrics. Consensus is that the editor was going through a Weird AI phase. Please bear with us.

Well, life on the farm is kinda laid back.
Country girls like these are so good in the sack.
Watch the two going at it as your penis you whack.
Thank God for these country girls.

Well, a simple kinda life never did them no harm.
Check out that there’re hot sluts going down on the farm.
Two blondes eating pussy make for rustic charm.
Thank God for these country girls.

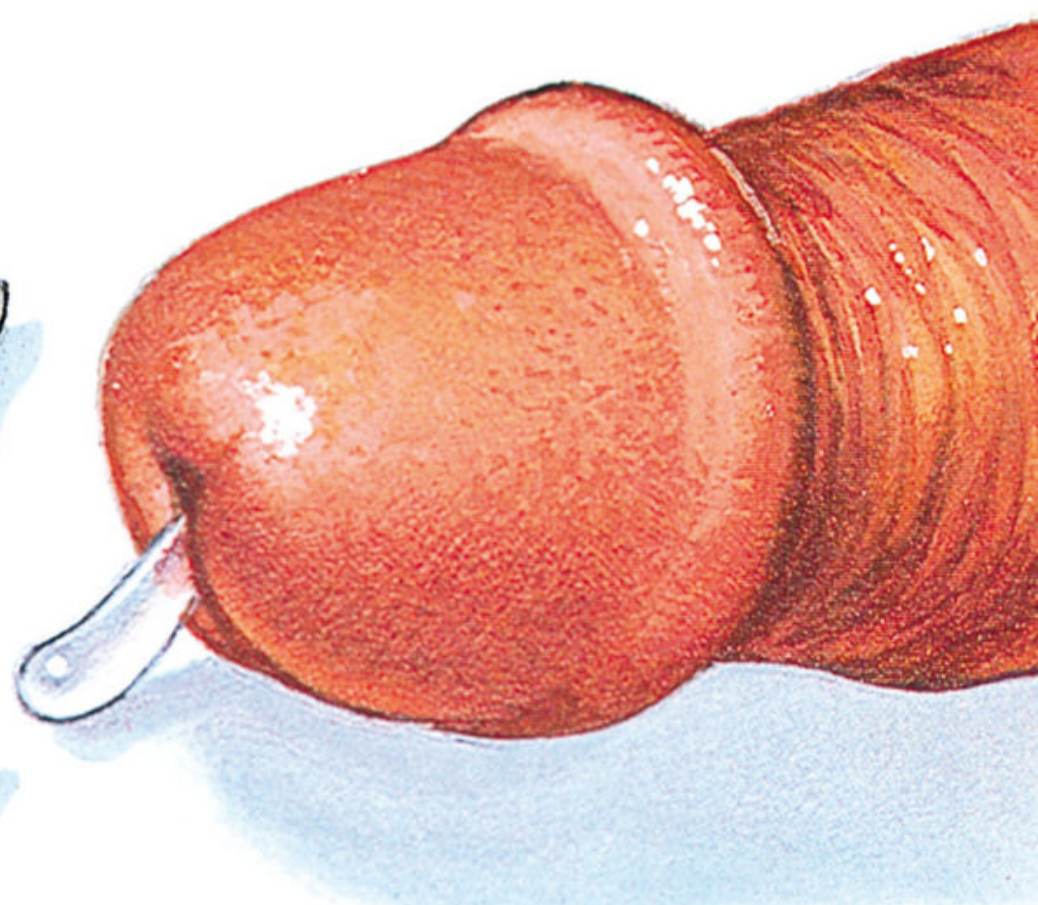
Right now you can see they sure love to fiddle.
How we can join in, man, that is the riddle.
Wanna grab our saddle and hop in the middle.
Thank God for these country girls.

Check out Brittney diving between Briana’s thighs.
While Briana with a dildo gives her a hard surprise.
They sure love the taste of that homemade hair pie.
Thank God for these country girls.

We’ve watched ’em all day, just a-fucking and a-sucking.
In the background you can hear a banjo plucking.
All this time our corncob we’ve been shucking.
Thank God for these country girls.



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TAYLOR MOMSEN

After a five-year absence The Pretty Reckless has come roaring back with their most inspired album to date, *Death by Rock and Roll*. We catch up with the band's lead singer to talk all things music, nudity and Momsen's addiction to stripper heels. Interview by Keith Valcourt.

LAURA DESIREE

Sure, she's crazy hot and a flirt, but she's a crazy-hot flirt with a plan. After delivering the news in her birthday suit for years on *Naked News*, the ambitious blonde is now angling for a late-night talk show. Her set? A heart-shaped bed. Interview by John Blaylock. Photography by Steve Prue.



HUSTLER'S HORNY SWINGERS 2

The solution to the boredom of monogamy, consensual swinging has everything: Sample someone new while playing voyeur *and* exhibitionist. It's the fucking best! Featuring Lily Larimar, Emily Addison, Emma Starletto and Katie Morgan. Photography courtesy HUSTLER Video.



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